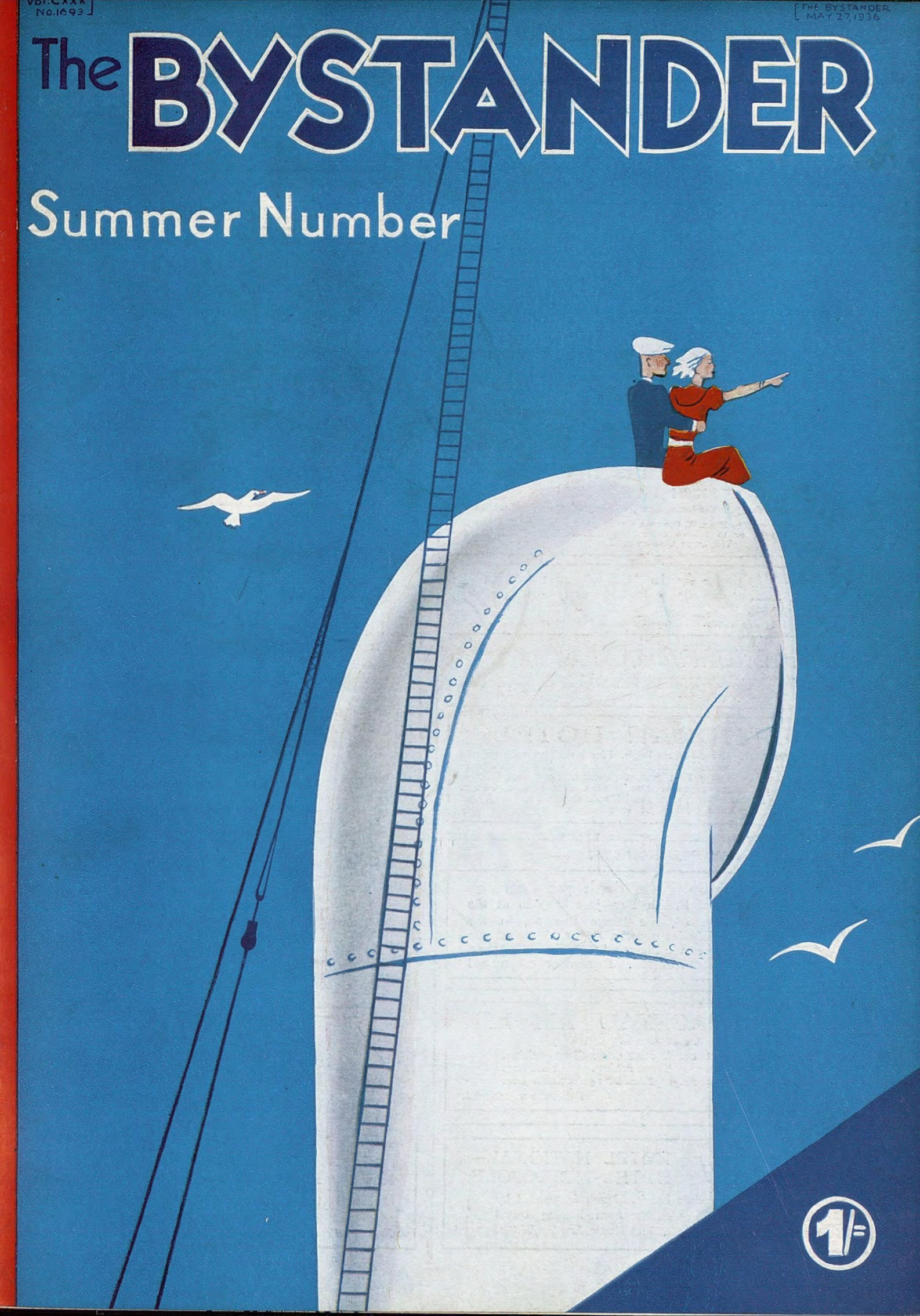
VOL. CXXX
No. 1693

THE BYSTANDER
MAY 27, 1936

The BYSTANDER

Summer Number



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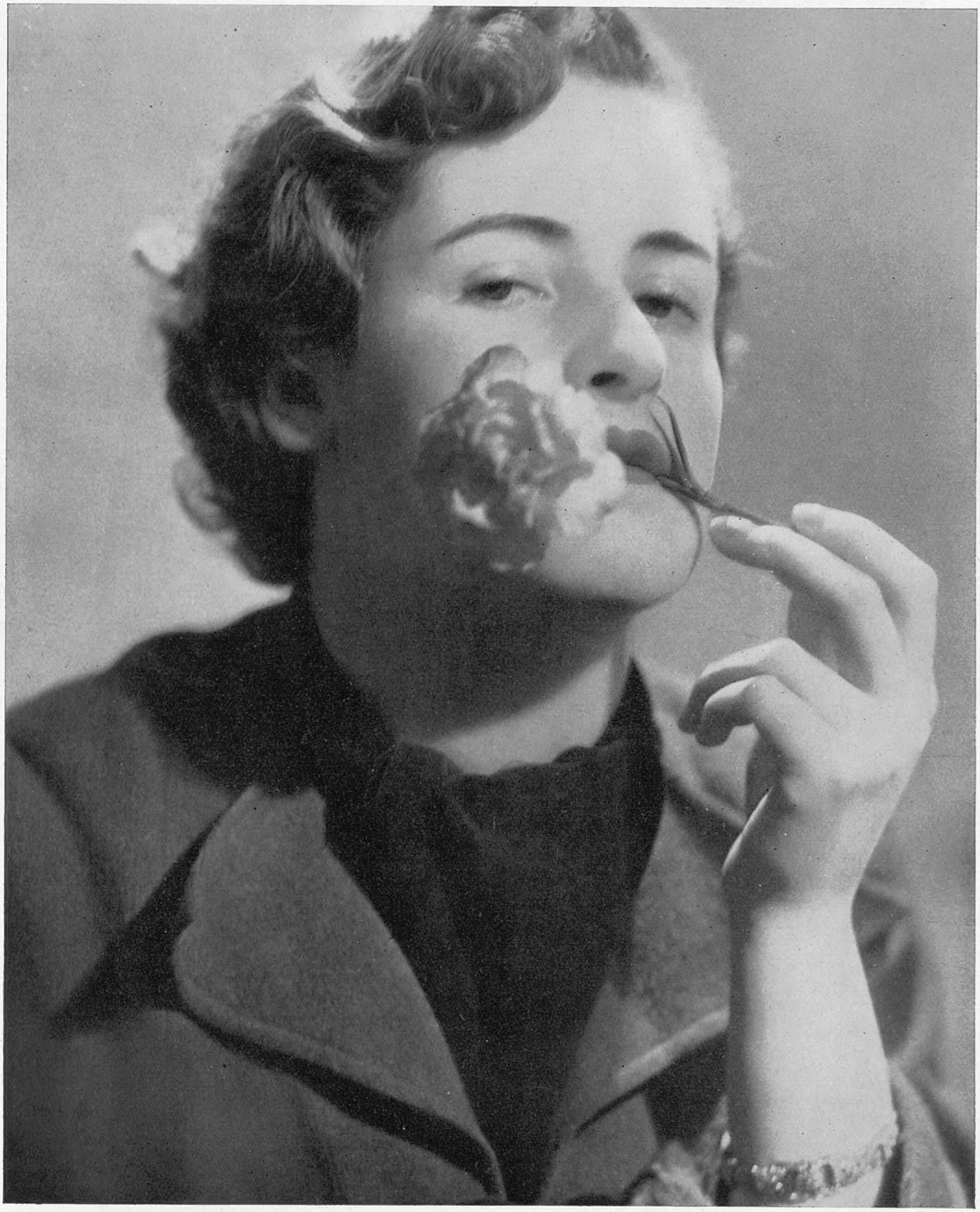
The Bystander, May 27, 1936

No. 1693. Vol. CXXX

The BYSTANDER



Gutman

Lady Elizabeth Hare Is Engaged

Lady Elizabeth Hare and Viscount Elveden announced their engagement about two weeks ago. She is the younger daughter of Freda Countess of Listowel, and sister of the present Earl, and is twenty-two this year. Her family come from Co. Kerry, but her brother now lives in London, and her mother has a house at Kenton, in Devon, as well as a London one. Lord Elveden is Irish also; he is the only son of the Earl and Countess of Iveagh, and two years older than his fiancée. His father is head of the great Guinness family business

On Going to "The Ring"

By Constant Lambert

It is notorious that "deadheads," or, to put it more politely, the lucky recipients of free tickets, applaud far less than those who have paid for their seats.

It is equally true that those in the stalls, who have arrived in comfort just after the rise of the curtain and who have been luxuriating it in padded fauteuils during the show applaud far less than those in the gallery who have waited for hours to get their exiguous share of a backless stone bench.

The explanation is simple. When you applaud you are not only congratulating the artists, you are also, to some extent, congratulating yourself—on your powers of enjoyment, your discrimination, your good fortune in being present to-night, and so forth. The more discomfort you have suffered the more you applaud, because to remain silent would be to confess that you had wasted your time, and that the hours of hardship spent in the queue, buffeted by wind and rain, listening to recitations of "Gunga Din" and watching skeletons being torn out of old newspapers, were hours spent to no purpose. Such a confession would be horrible; it would be like not admiring the view after climbing to the top of Mont Blanc. Many people who have climbed to the top of Mont Blanc must, in their heart of hearts, have found the view intolerably tiresome, but no one, as far as I know, has publicly admitted it.

In fact, it can safely be laid down as an axiom that our intellectual sense of enjoyment is in exact ratio to our physical sense of discomfort.

Now Wagner, though he derived most of his musical ideas from other people, must at least be given credit for his pioneer work in one direction.

He was the first to realise and to turn to commercial account the fact tha the public enjoy being given "a rotten time." Hence the continued success of "The Ring."

To see "The Ring" properly involves an outlay of some £10, the sacrifice of a week's time and, as often as not, a journey half-way across Europe. Which of us, except a few realists like myself, has the courage to say at the end of all this that it hasn't been worth it? The Wagnerian starts by putting up with discomfort and ends by perversely enjoying it, actually preferring the ghastly wooden flaps that pass for seats in the Prinz Regenten Theatre at Munich to the comparatively civilised stalls at Covent Garden.

The deliberate and triumphant spartanism of the "Ring" addict was vividly brought home to me the last time (and when I say last time, I mean last time) I saw *Rheingold*. Half-way through the first scene I woke with a start to realise that the woman next to me had disappeared. The auditorium was, if anything, rather darker than the stage, and it was some minutes before I descried her lying under the row of seats in front of me, her own seat having collapsed beneath her. For one happy moment I thought she had fainted and that by carrying her out I should gain (a) moral credit; (b) freedom; (c) possibly a medal. Not a bit of it. With iron determination she got up, poised herself on the two-inch wooden ledge which was all that remained of her seat and sat there grimly for the remaining two hours. When the lights went up I looked at her with some curiosity, anxious to see how she had weathered the ordeal. She was blissfully happy, her eyes shining with pleasure and self-congratulation. She was the kind of woman who would sit through the whole of *Parsifal* on a shooting-stick. I expect she went to the second cycle as well and then popped over to Munich or Bayreuth to see it again.

On the other hand, far from seeing "The Ring" three times a year, am perhaps the only man in England who is taking as long to see "The Ring" as Wagner did to write it. Years ago, of course, when I was younger and stronger, I polished the damn thing off in a week. I then took to seeing *Rheingold* and *Valkyrie* one year, *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung* the next. It is only natural that I should then sink to seeing it in serial form, one opera a year. Last year, however, the rot set in. It was the turn for *Siegfried*, and I foolishly went home between Acts I. and II. The temptation to spend a quiet evening at home with my piano and a bottle of wine proved too strong for me, and I'm afraid that I played truant. The trouble is I have never been back again. I intended to take up "The Ring" this year at *Siegfried*, Act II., but circumstances prevented me. I expect they will next year, too. After all, Wagner took over ten years to write *Siegfried*, and I see no reason why I shouldn't follow his illustrious example and take over ten years to see it.

Seeing "The Ring" act by act has its advantages. For one thing, you have time to forget the plot during the space of twelve months and therefore it is not so irritating to be told the plot again and again by each new character. It has always struck me as most unfair that you should be allowed to arrive late for Italian opera but not for Wagner. Not only unfair, but ridiculous.

If you come in to *Tosca* three minutes late you never catch up with the plot at all. If you come in to "The Ring" three days late you are bound to find some professional bore telling you exactly what happened in the act before, not to mention the night before. It is like a daily-paper serial: "New listeners begin here."

No wonder Americans become such good Wagnerians. Wotan and Gurnemanz are the forerunners of that well-known type the American raconteur. Why is it that Americans, so much more pithy and concise than the English in their pictorial jokes, are so intolerably prosy, detailed and verbose when it comes to telling a story? Nobody has been able to explain this to me, any more than anyone can tell me why it is bereaved French families only travel between 2 and 6 in the morning.

To return for a moment, and reluctantly, to Wagner, there is a third question which used to worry me. Why is it that people take field-glasses to *Tristan*? On *Tristan* night at Covent Garden the place might just as well be Goodwood or Bisley, so many binoculars are to be seen. When, however, I conjure up before my eyes the average Tristan and Isolde, I think I can find the answer. People use the field-glasses the wrong way round.

"Luxuriating It in Padded Fauteuils"

Mr. Anthony Bushell and Miss Diana Wynyard went to hear "Tristan and Isolde" last week, when Mme. Kirsten Flagstad made her London debut

Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira and Lord William Taylour also went to "Tristan." Melchior was singing once again the part he has taken more than a hundred times

"The Ring"

Five Covent Garden Singers Sketched by R. G. Mathews

Left: Rudolf Bockelmann as Wotan in "Das Rheingold"

Maria Nezadal as Gutrune in "Götterdämmerung"

Frida Leider resting in her dressing-room between the acts of "Götterdämmerung," in which she sings Brünnhilde

Left: Eduard Habich as Alberich in "Das Rheingold"

Right: Lauritz Melchior as Siegmund in "Die Walküre"

"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 22

Gerald Brockhurst

GERALD BROCKHURST, the highest paid painter and etcher in the world, was born in Birmingham forty-three years ago. His father was a coal factor and his mother was a friend of Sir Barry Jackson. But there was no painting in the family. Like most other successful people, Gerald Brockhurst turned a liability into an asset at a very early age. For as a child he was so deaf that he could not attend school. That is why he was allowed to do what he liked, and what he liked was to draw. Moreover, he had an aunt in India to whom he sent a weekly letter long before he could write. These were really the original of all strip-cartoons. For his letter consisted of a series of consecutive drawings showing his adventures of the week—getting a pony, falling off, cutting his knee (lots of red ink here), being bandaged, and then, say, eating a toffee. His aunt, in return, did the same. But even at the age of five Master Gerald's drawings quite outclassed his aunt's. The pity is that after her death the drawings of several years disappeared completely.

MEANTIME Edward Taylor, the friend of Ruskin and Burne-Jones, took an interest in him, and as a result he attended the Birmingham School of Art, where he won every possible prize and scholarship in the three years he was there. Next came his period at the Royal Academy Schools, where again he cleaned up and won the Gold Medal, which he "popped" immediately for thirty pounds. To-day it would be worth at least £60. Then Paris saw him and he lost all his money: I won't say how. Here he met Orpen, and went on to Milan purely to see the "Last Supper." On his return he worked for a time as an assistant to Augustus John for several of his big murals. Then came the war, but his hearing, which had been immensely improved by Senator Doctor Oliver St. John Gogarty, was still far too poor for him to pass the Army test. It was a one-man show at the Chenil Galleries which really put him firmly on the path to fortune. Sir Claud Phillips, M.P., the *Morning Post* art critic, cracked him up, and out of his seventy-eight pictures and etchings only six remained unsold on the final day of the exhibition. So when *Vanity Fair* offered him two thousand pounds a year to take the place of "Spy," he refused. Money has always been absurdly easy for Gerald Brockhurst to earn.

TO-DAY he has a house in Tite Street and the letters "R.E." after his name. This does not mean that he was a Sapper. As I have said, his deafness prevented all that. It stands for "Royal Etcher." He is also an Associate of the Royal Academy, having been elected before he ever exhibited. He owns the best collection in existence of Augustus John's etchings. He is a member of the Athenæum, but has never entered it since election five years ago. He is a gourmet, an expert rhumba dancer, and a first-class impersonator. Russet-haired, smooth-shaven, and brown-eyed, he can, with the addition of a small moustache, look exactly like Hitler. **Charles Graves**

Howard Coster, London

Commodore Sir Edgar Britten

To-day must give Sir Edgar Britten one of the grandest moments of his life, when he sets off from Southampton in command, on her maiden voyage, of what every man, woman, and child in Great Britain firmly believes is the greatest ship in the world. He is in sole charge of the Queen Mary, a second captain having been judged unnecessary owing to the amazing ease with which her 80,773 tons can be handled. Sir Edgar Britten (second name, Theophilus) was made a knight in 1934, and Commodore of Cunard White Star Ltd. last year; he was captain of the Berengaria before he got his present appointment. He was born in 1874, went to King Edward VI.'s Grammar School in Birmingham, and then to sea in a sailing-ship when he was eighteen; he has been with the Cunard people since 1901, and got his first command from them the year before the war

Stars in the Sun

Grace Moore in Denmark

Irina Baronova and Her Husband

Irina Baronova is now Mme. Sevastianoff; she and the secretary of the de Basil Ballets Russes ran away from work during the America tour to get married—that 's to say, they flew away. Now they 've been given a short holiday which they 've spent at a country cottage in England. Colonel de Basil's company open their season at Covent Garden on June 15th

Jim Mollison, Dolores del Rio, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Mrs. Mollison

Above, left: Grace Moore was on her way to do some sight-seeing in Copenhagen when the autograph-hunter caught her. With her is Svend Grade, stage-manager of the Royal Danish Opera House, where Miss Moore has been singing. She comes to London in June, and is to sing at a concert in aid of St. George's Hospital on the 8th

Left: the Mollisons went to lunch with Dolores del Rio and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, at the Criterion Film Studios at Isleworth (where they are making "Accused"). Mrs. Mollison's bandaged ankle was nothing to do with record-breaking to the Cape and back—she 'd slipped and cut herself on a gravel path at the studio as she was getting out of her car

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

DURING the whole miserable course of the Italo-Abyssinian affair, there has been, in this country, a natural variety of opinions—pro-Italian or pro-Abyssinian, pro-League or anti-League, in favour of no Sanctions or mild Sanctions or fierce Sanctions, and so on. Such variety is natural, normal, and a healthy sign of democratic freedom. But there has been no divergence at all about the dum-dum episode. There has been a unanimous feeling of nauseated disgust that the Head of a Great Power should descend into the gutter and throw handfuls of fabricated mud at this country. Whatever we may think about the rights and wrongs of Abyssinia, we are united in holding pretty strong views about this disgraceful episode. There is not the slightest use in the Italian Chief of State explaining that he was misled. The only mistake he made was in underestimating the amazing skill of the British Intelligence Service. Our Foreign Office knew all about Colonel Pedro Lopez, alias Bernstein, alias Lawrence, alias Singleton, alias Radwill, and it warned the Italian Ambassador of his activities, and was duly thanked by Signor Grandi for the warning. Yet more than a week later the redoubtable Colonel was still in touch with the Italians, and his bogus orders for dum-dums and his bogus correspondence were forwarded with astonishing alacrity to Rome, and accepted with astonishing gusto—or should I say "gullibility"?—by the Duce. The accusation has now been officially withdrawn, but the Italian Press continues to pour it out day after day unofficially. A more discreditable episode has seldom darkened one of the major Chancelleries of Europe.

MEANWHILE the lucky Abyssinians are beginning to understand what a blessing modern civilisation is. They must be bitterly regretting their short-sighted attempts to prevent its arrival. Marshal Badoglio started in a great hurry upon the normal, civilising procedure of the conqueror. Squads of natives are being marched out and shot with a truly civil accuracy; decrees are being issued which must be obeyed within three days, even if no one has heard of the decrees or has the faintest idea that any have been issued; the usual promises to respect foreigners have been most civilly made and promptly broken; the *Times* correspondent has been officially ejected and officially robbed of his money; British soldiers are being ordered to give the Fascist salute—and are refusing; the Italians have begun to hint—and more—that they would like the British Legation guards reduced in strength.

It is a pretty situation. Mr. Baldwin may yet go down to history as the man who was at exactly the opposite end of the scale from Lord Palmerston. Under "Pam" a British subject was safe. And he was respected.

ON the same day that a wonderful collection of coins of the States of the Crusaders was presented to the Museum of the Venerable Order of St. John at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, the last of the Crusaders died. Field-Marshal Lord Allenby was in the direct line from Godefroi de Bouillon, Tancred, Cœur-de-Lion, and Guy de Lusignan, and where they had failed, it was left to a British cavalryman to destroy the Saracens in the Vale of Jezreel and the plain of Megiddo. Allenby's transfer from the Western Front to Palestine was one of the few happy inspirations of the most sustained series of bungles in history. On the West, he was miserable and uncomfortable, and his troops somehow sensed it and were miserable too. In the great battles round Arras in 1917, Allenby's Third Army had no

The Lord High Commissioner for the Church of Scotland

Lord Kinnaird, the new Lord High Commissioner, arrived at the Palace of Holyroodhouse last week, after receiving the Keys of the City of Edinburgh. In this group are Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, lady-in-waiting, Lady Kinnaird and Lord Kinnaird, and the Master of Kinnaird and Lord Clydesdale, aides-de-camp. Lord Kinnaird's place is Rossie Priory, Inchture, in Perthshire, of which county he is a J.P.; he owns nearly twelve thousand acres

confidence in their commander or in his Staff, and the fatal fortnight's delay in April cost the lives of thousands of men. But in the wide open spaces, not so much where men are men but where horses are horses and camels camels, he was in his element. Allenby has been buried in Westminster Abbey. The Duke of Wellington is in St. Paul's. Is there a distinction between the two? Or not?

THE hundred-and-first birthday of Sir Fitzroy Maclean of Duart is a notable event for more than one reason. The twenty-sixth Chief of the Clan Maclean, is a legendary figure. He was born before Queen Victoria came to the throne. He fought at Alma and was wounded at Sebastopol. He is one of the last survivors of a system of society that has long since ceased to have any but a romantic importance. The clan-system, as a practical method of local government, has vanished. But the really significant thing about Sir Fitzroy's life is that he is one of the very few Chiefs who have devoted their lives to their clansmen. Usually it has been the other way about. But when he was a boy, Fitzroy Maclean was taken by the twenty-fifth Chief to see the ruins of Duart Castle, burnt after 1691, and he was so moved by the scene of the ancient glories of the Clan Maclean that he swore that he would devote his life to regaining the Castle and restoring it. He kept his vow, and the patriarch is ending his long life in state in the rebuilt Castle. Many of the other Chiefs destroyed their own clans in order to make way for sheep.

FOR the humble layman, watching with reverence from a distance the majestic perambulations of the mighty on the cricket field, the tennis court, the golf course, and elsewhere, there is always something a little comic about the knots into which the mighty tie themselves over nationality qualification. Not so long ago, we laymen grinned rather rudely when an eminent athlete was a South African in summer and an Englishman in winter. Prince Obolensky, too, that superb runner, was a curious bearer of the Red Rose of England, and Australia was surely a little patient when Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji turned out in Test matches. A new knot is looming on the sporting horizon. Ought Hanut Singh, the celebrated Indian polo player, represent England at Hurlingham in June against America? And if so, ought not the team be re-christened the British Empire team? It is all very muddling for the ordinary citizen, whose nationality is clearly and firmly written down on his passport, and who cannot alter it to please himself without running the isk of about fifteen years in quod.

AN old school chum of mine, a scholar of eminence and a wit, found himself a few years ago in complete charge of Great Britain's affairs in Budapest. He was, in fact, First Secretary of the British Legation and accredited representative of His Britannic Majesty to the Kingdom of Hungary. Time, however, hung heavy upon his hands, and to pass the weary hours between diplomatic crises, he began to compile a list of metaphors in the English language which describe the condition of having drink taken. After three weeks of intensive research, a crisis intervened and stopped him at 256 metaphors. The latest despatches from Acton would seem to indicate that the number will have to be reduced to 255, for "canned" will soon be no longer a metaphor, but a direct statement. Beer is to be canned. The old bottle is doomed. Metal containers are being turned out at the rate of 200 a minute at a factory in Acton, and another triumph for Progress will soon be registered. Roll up that corkscrew. It will not be wanted these ten years.

Swaebe

The Marquess and Marchioness of Hartington

Lord and Lady Hartington were the guests of honour at the British Empire League dinner at the May Fair. Lord Hartington, who has been M.P. for West Derbyshire since 1923, is Under Secretary of State for the Dominions. He is the Duke of Devonshire's elder son, and Lady Hartington is Lord and Lady Salisbury's younger daughter

THE two most notorious of the anti-Jewish newspapers of Germany are to cease publication. This would be very good news indeed if it meant, what it appears at first sight to mean, a diminution of the Nazi pogroms. But it does not mean that at all. The two papers are only to cease publication during the Olympic Games, because the Nazi authorities are afraid that their brutality might disgust the many distinguished visitors whom they are expecting this summer. This is just about the most cynical bit of window-dressing that has been dished up for a good long time, and will only have the opposite effect of disgusting the visitors even more.

THE great Cézanne Exhibition has opened at the Musée de l'Orangerie in Paris, and the critics are at each other's throats as usual. It is one of the major cleavages in the world—those who regard him as one of the very great painters, and those who think he was an incompetent mountebank. Cézanne's own town of Aix-en-Provence is torn between the two. Despising him in his lifetime, Aix now possesses only one of his innumerable pictures (he used to leave them lying all over the countryside) and would dearly like to possess more. But prices are now enormous, so the good Aixois are left to lament, if not necessarily their artistic ignorance, at any rate their financial short-sightedness.

THE Marquess of Titchfield seems to have made a slightly unfortunate contribution to the controversy which rages round the head of Mr. Baldwin. Speaking in the House, the noble Marquess was warm in his praise of his leader and emphatic in his opinion that Mr. Baldwin should not retire yet awhile. "No doubt the Prime Minister would wish to retire now," he said, "but I can tell him this, on behalf of National Government supporters: We are not going to allow him to get away at sixty-five. Seventy we might allow."

In fourteen months Mr. Baldwin will be seventy; he was born, to be exact, on August 3rd, 1867.

THE refusal of the Supreme Court of California to recommend to mercy the young Scotsman who is lying under sentence of death for kidnapping a prison-warder, is one of the most ungenerous acts that has been done for a good long time. The British Foreign Office has worked unceasingly on behalf of this youth—after all, no one was a penny the worse for his crime, and the death-penalty is a fantastically severe sentence—and has addressed appeal after appeal to the American authorities. The Americans are acting strictly within the letter of the law in refusing these appeals, but it is only a fortnight since British troops risked their lives to rescue the American Legation in Addis Ababa from the howling mobs. If they had acted strictly within their orders, which were to defend the British Legation, the Americans would have been annihilated. If ever there was a moment for a gesture of gratitude, now is that moment. The Supreme Court of California thinks otherwise.

Weddings of the Week: St. Margaret's and Westminster Abbey

Mr. Henry Garnett and Miss Mary Gerard Leigh

Mary Gerard Leigh looked lovely in her classically-cut ivory satin wedding dress when she and Henry Garnett were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Gerard Leigh, of Thorpe Satchville Hall, Melton Mowbray. Her husband is in the Horse Guards, is the son of the late Captain C. L. Garnett, and Mrs. Haskard, of Wyreside Park, Lancaster, and had the Duke of Roxburghe as best man. Miss Leigh had two children as page and bridesmaid, and eight grown-up bridesmaids, in white Winterhalter dresses. The reception was at Lady Allendale's house in Piccadilly

The Hon. Patricia Berry and Mr. Roger Chetwode

The Chetwode—Berry wedding in the Henry VII. Chapel of Westminster Abbey was an enormous affair, with a column-long list of guests. Roger Chetwode is the only son of Field-Marshal Sir Philip and Lady Chetwode; Patricia Berry is Lord and Lady Camrose's third daughter. She also wore ivory satin, with an original head-dress of marguerites. She had two pages, and eight small bridesmaids in Charles II. lace dresses and mob caps. Lord Herbert, who is engaged to Lady Mary Hope, was best man. The reception was at the Camroses' house in St. James's Place

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

WHAT are the best ingredients for a really good cocktail-party? A.—Enough chairs and sofas for everyone to sit down; the misery of standing about with other people's drinks poured over one's best clothes is unendurable.

B.—A sufficient number of ash-trays—item more important to the hostess's furniture than to utterly careless guests.

C.—Drinks that are cold enough; and if it is a large party, a couple of men-servants to hand round refreshments and relieve our tired boy friends from the tiresome obligation.

"Just Monday in the Country"!

WE went to just such a party on one of those hot days recently. The guests had been collected as thoughtfully and as cleverly as everything else. Lady Tredegar was there, still brown from her holiday in California and Nassau; Rosemary Mark Kerr, also just returned from wanderings all over America; Violet Duchess of Rutland, a rare visitor at such functions, sat in a corner with the Hon. David Herbert. "How have you got so sunburnt?" someone asked him. "Just Monday in the country," he replied.

A Family Tradition

A LOVELY little girl, Miss Erica Greer, with wide blue eyes and amazing eyelashes, was at this party. She is the orphan niece of Captain Derek Fitzgerald, and carries on the tradition of a family famous for their good looks.

Lady Manton arrived with the Countess of Harrington, who has returned to her super-mews house in Grosvenor Crescent. It is converted out of some old stables and differs from most of such houses, which are inclined to pokiness and pseudo smartness, in that it is spacious and has the additional advantage of a garden. Her small son, the Earl of Harrington, better known as "Bill," is heir to the barony and viscountcy of Stanhope held by Earl Stanhope.

A Life of Adventure

EX-DEBS. in their second season have perhaps a better time on the whole than the newly launched, slightly bewildered product of the finishing school, and one of the prettiest of last year's bunch is Miss Daphne Brownlow, a niece of Lord Lurgan, who is a director of the Ritz. We saw her at Lady Gurney's party the other night, dancing with Mr. Robert Heber-Percy, that attractive young man who has crammed so much adventure into his short life. To have been a cavalry officer, a waiter at a Lyons tea shop, directed and acted in a hunting film, and now to own training stables, is a lot to have accomplished in twenty-three years.

After these romantic vicissitudes he appears to have now settled down and is agent to Lord Berners at Faringdon, where, we hear, he has several promising two-year-olds.

The Golden Ridge

IT is a lovely part of the country, the "Golden Ridge of Berkshire," where Faringdon House is situated.

Among Lord Berners' neighbours is Miss May Morris, daughter of the late William Morris, poet, craftsman and Socialist, who lives at Kelmscott, an unspoilt stone Jacobean manor house.

In a village near by the Rev. Lord de Mauley preaches on alternate Sundays. As Canon Ponsonby he was famous at Swindon, where he helped to build up a Church tradition for which that town is still famous.

Heroine of the Hunt

ANOTHER inhabitant of this lovely Thames valley country is Miss Ursula West, daughter of Major Archibald West, of Barcote Manor, a large house half-way between Faringdon House and Buckland. Miss West, who cares nothing for London amusements, has been described as the heroine of the Old Berks Hunt. She is a sort of Lady Mary with the local Girl Guides (remember *Young England*?), and is tall, slim and dark, with attractive freckles.

Near Swindon, at Lydiard Tregoze, there is Lord Bolingbroke, who is a bachelor, tall and extremely good-looking, of a retiring disposition. His house, which is eighteenth-century and earlier, contains some fine pictures and contemporary furniture.

A New Head-dress

THE opening night of the René Blum ballet season at the Alhambra kept many wandering week-enders in London on a Friday night. It was a riotous success, all the usual ballet-lovers turning up in force, and we heard universal approval of the new ballet, with its amusing Chinese setting.

One of the most interested and interesting spectators was Madame Schiaparelli, with an amazing but most becoming "brilliant" head-dress — a

Lord and Lady Churston and Their Daughter

Lord and Lady Churston's baby daughter was christened Nicole at Chelsea Old Church, with Viscountess Curzon, Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, and Mr. R. G. A. Colthorpe as godparents. The Churstons, who were married in 1933, have a son eighteen months old

Prince Aly Khan and the Hon. Mrs. Guinness Get Married

The Aga Khan and his two sons, Prince Aly Khan and Prince Sadruddin, and Mrs. Loel Guinness were photographed after the civil marriage in Paris between Prince Aly Khan and Mrs. Guinness. It was followed by a Moslem service at the Paris Mosque. The new Princess Aly Khan is Lord Churston's eldest sister

great blob of diamonds (we felt sure they were) on a broad band of silvery-white satin.

Lupe Velez sat not far away, in a dark dress of Moorish-looking material that suited her dark skin and flashing eyes amazingly well.

Importance of the "Parure"

After an exhausting argument as to where to dine one night last week, the Dorchester was eventually decided upon—and wisely, for we enjoyed the cabaret more than ever, and there were lots of people and parties to be seen.

The Maharanees of Baroda and Cooch Behar were in one big party, their picturesque saris lending a vivid touch of colour to the scene.

At the next table were the Count and Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow with Sir Adrian and Lady Baillie, the Duchess of Buccleuch and Captain Ali Mackintosh.

The Countess wore the simplest of white satin dresses and a diamond necklace set with enormous emeralds around her slim little throat. Perhaps it is the "importance" of the parure she usually wears at night that accentuates her air of delicate fragility.

The Conjuring Compère

We believed at last in the genuineness of the conjuring compère, Mr. Russell Swann, when Lady Patricia Latham, also in the Haugwitz-Reventlow party, nobly climbed up on to the stage and assisted him in making us believe that a canary and a cage could disappear into thin air.

Several gentlemen in the audience went home with long yellow pencils wound intricately through their buttonholes. Nothing but a pair of scissors (or Russell Swann) could possibly release them!

A Pack of Stewards

If only we walked around with a camera, we could have snapped one day last week the visiting star of the moment, Sylvia Sydney, leaving Claridge's just after luncheon; the Countess of Warwick, in a flame-coloured dress, being seen off from the Ritz by Prince David Mdivani and his sister, and the Baroness Ravensdale hopping on to a bus in Piccadilly.

Short white jackets, mostly linen, have become an epidemic. At a recent dress show, guests, mannequins and waiters were all wearing them, and looked like a pack of stewards! Hats are more and more curious, and perhaps the least offensive form of millinery, is the minute, tightly-fitting skull cap that is worn so far back on the head that it is only visible from the side and from the back.

Anglo-American Yearnings

Miss Nancy Malcolmson and the Hon. Joyce Wingfield, who share a flat in Brook Street, gave a small but most enjoyable cocktail-party last Thursday. Having spent most of last winter in America, they both suffer from acute Anglo-American yearnings, and spoke wistfully of friends sailing this week on the Queen Mary. Mr. Eddie Tatham and Mr. Eric Hatry joined in the chorus. The latter should be glad to be alive, anyway, after his hair-raising escape off the Corsican coast the other day.

Miss Rosemary Robertson (how pretty she is!) seems in imminent danger of being offered a film contract that will take her to Hollywood. Miss Jane Carr was there too, with her two "Scotties," looking as good as new after an exhausting film-studio day.

When a policeman arrested her for leaving her car lying about the other day, he merely asked her for her autograph, and wrote several verses of poetry on the back of what she took to be a warning of a summons!

MISS PEEPS

Lady Anne and Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck are Lord and Lady Titchfield's daughters and were at the Garnett—Leigh wedding. Lady Margaret Bentinck, who is a debutante this year, was one of the bridesmaids

The Cavendish-Bentinck Sisters

Eight of the Guests at the Chetwode—Berry Wedding

In front are Lord Herbert (he was best man) and Lady Mary Hope, Lord Linlithgow's sister, who are engaged; walking behind them are Lord and Lady Hambleden

It's just over a year since Lord and Lady Birkenhead were married; she is the Hon. Patricia Berry's sister

Lady Veronica Hornby and Lady Stanley of Alderley arrived at the reception together, both looking terrifically smart

Mrs. Gervais Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, Mrs. Weber-Brown, and Mrs. Munro Kerr arrived early enough to get front-row seats to watch the Texas Rangers beat the Hon. Keith Rous's side, the Jaguars, by 8 goals to 4½ in the Whitney Cup Final

Miss Rosemary Robertson looked like summer in her white, blue-triangle-dotted dress. Her father, the late Major Frank Robertson, was in the Black Watch

Mrs. Robert Ropner had to stand to see. She is a half-sister of Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth. Her husband has just been to America on business

Sir Francis Winnington was with an attractive ex-debutante, Miss Vivien Dundas. He used to be in the Welsh Guards, and has a place near Worcester

Saturday Polo

At Hurlingham and Ranelagh

Miss Molly McGeachin and Miss Diana Webber watched their polo at Ranelagh. With them is Mr. Bobby Loewenstein, who earlier on had been playing for the Panthers at Roehampton

Miss Anne Mackay and Miss Anne Schenck are both 1936 debs. Anne Schenck is American, but her mother, Mrs. Frederic Schenck, is entertaining for her over here

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A RECENT wild suggestion (in print) that the reason there were so many empty seats in the House of Commons on Budget Day was because those M.P.s who had been tipped off beforehand were taking out insurance policies in the City has deservedly earned the scorn and detestation of all decent men. We hesitate to pollute our page with such odious ravings. The person tempted to make such a charge—an M.P., alas! himself—has, it seems, since apologised to the House. Let him not think thereby to escape the vengeance of Heaven, whose chief and darling care is "Britain's aweful Senate," of whose House a poet of the eighteenth century wrote with face aflame:

The walls, the very walls advise,
Each mean, degenerate thought chastise,
And rouse the sons with all their fathers' fires!

Few decent opportunities of making a packet out of national discomfort have occurred in this country since Waterloo; on which occasion (as your Aunt may have told you) the rising financier Herr Amschel of Frankfort founded the Rothschild fortunes by broadcasting false news of a British defeat some hours in advance of the official communiqués; to which purpose he had established a very efficient fast courier-service between Brussels and London. In the hope of netting a large profit many speculative patriots rushed instantly to sell Three per Cents. on account on a falling market. Alas! Victory was ours, Three per Cents. rocketed, many honest gentlemen were ruined, and the House of Rothschild arose, effulgent, calm, happy, and glorious.

With a fal, la, la, and a fa, la, laddy, and a *fal*, la, la, etc. (Old Song.)

Yoo Hoo, Housewives!

IT takes a stout girl to tell a dirty story against herself without batting an eyelid. Or, more accurately, it takes a girl like the Stony Aunt in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, strong-shod to tread all weakness down. What we're getting at is that Auntie *Times* published a story the other day to the effect that workmen renovating the Deanery of Ely had found, beneath layers of other wallpaper in one of the rooms, a complete layer of one or two issues of *The Times* dated 1847. Which proves that even ninety years ago British housewives knew what was what.

In Dodie Smith's charming play *Call It a Day*, a modern British wife and mother depends on Auntie equally to line the drawers. We ourselves know a girl who when slightly "lit," as the Buckmanites say, lies down and rolls herself up in the current copy of the *Times* and peeks round roguishly at everybody, pretending to be the Spirit of Empire Free Trade. A smart tap on the head with some metal implement generally cures that, but it only goes to show the multiform uses of our leading national newspaper, often laughingly nicknamed "The Thunderer," or "Jessica's First Prayer."

The *Observer*, the *Sunday Times*, and the *Daily Telegraph* come next in purely utilitarian value, especially the *Observer*, Mr. Garvin's weekly article being one of those God-given open spaces which one hopes the British People will not willingly suffer to fall into the builder's hands. The new luxury Temperance Hotel they're building now on the south-western slope of the Column Five is simply damnable, to begin with, and the projected by-pass will destroy all the rare bird life of Paragraphs 19 to 24. What is the Government doing? Let's have a fund, or something.

"It's boiled, with carrots, to-day, boys!"

Chelsea Nights

PASSING 24, Cheyne Row the other night we were reminded of Mr. Filson Young's recent declaration over the air that although this house witnessed scenes of temper, irritation, and misery, the domestic life of Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle was on the whole enviable. The one being dyspeptic and the other temperamental, whatever rows there were in Cheyne Row were probably equally the fault of each, and of course there was Ole Debble Literature mixed up with it as well. As the sweet poet Dorothy Parker has well sung:

Carlyle combined the littry life
With throwing teacups at his wife,
Remarking rather testily,
"Oh, stop your dodging, Mrs. C."

The point is (we thought, pacing the Embankment), how far did this embarrass their friends? Probably, hardly at all, we concluded. Readers of Ruskin's diary may remember a typical incident. Sticking his cheery old head round the Carlyles' door one evening, Ruskin received a fearful bang from a hurled glass case. Mrs. Carlyle hastily apologised. "Sorry, Jack," she said, biting her lip, "he ducked."

"Apairrrt frae which," said Carlyle passionately, rising from behind an armchair, "yon wee glass case is the yin wi' the pairrr o' Frrreederrrrick the Grrrreat's trrooosers in it forbye, ye glauchterin' skelpie!"

After an awkward pause Ruskin said: "Ah, well, what's a pair of dirty old Prussian trousers, more or less, between friends?"; at which Carlyle threw himself on Ruskin with a howl of rage. During the ensuing fight, in which many arriving guests took part, "Fairytale" Froude, the historian, Whistler, and a man who claimed to be

Bonnie Prince Charlie were carried home insensible after being hit by Rossetti's Blessed Damozel (Miss Siddall) with a huge case of stuffed humming-birds. " An æsthetic victory, at least," noted Ruskin happily.

Children's Hour

WHATEVER the rights and wrongs of the Abyssinian business (and there probably *is* some sort of an Italian case, if anyone was allowed to hear it), it has afforded the righteous who make these islands blest a Heaven-sent opportunity of indulging their natural hatred of Italy, both in chorus and solo with orchestral accompaniment, from the impressive bay of Anglican bishops to the penny-whistle squeak of excited dons and spinsters with an urge. Even if all these people are right to denounce the Italians as they 've been doing day and night, doesn't it make you rather just a little hot and embarrassed, even then, having to be on their side ? Haven't you an uncomfortable feeling that a noble hate of aggression isn't quite the only thing that inspires their invective ? Do you remember Master Percy Edgar Smith James (of Sutton) in *The Diary of a Nobody* ? Let 's look up Mr. Pooter's diary together a moment :

A Mr. Mezzini (an Italian, I fancy) here took Percy in his lap. The child wriggled and kicked and broke away from Mr. Mezzini, saying : " I don't like you—you 've got a dirty face."

Just one more question—optional, if Questions 1 and 3 have been answered already, with a small sketch-map—don't you seem to detect the shrill, tiny, loveable pipe of Master James dominating the voices of some eighty per cent. of the righteous boys of Britain, whose unswerving consciousness of the Right to Judge no shadows or whimsies from the past can fleck with momentary doubt, whether such shadows take Oriental shapes, or the shape of uncouth dwellers under the Cape, or the more

" Some ass threw birdseed "

" Just look at Brutus saying ' Welcome, welcome, Colonel Burnham ' ! "

grotesque Celtic phantasmagoria which no decent chap can observe without a smile ? Excuse this vulgarity.

Sleuth

EVERYBODY who agrees that *Trent's Last Case* is still about the best detective story in the language—will all who dissent please leave the hall quietly, not shambling out like so many gorillas ?—will regret just a little that now the great Trent has returned to the world in *Trent's Own Case*, E. C. Bentley (with Warner Allen) has cluttered him up with one or two stock properties like missing wills and mysterious drugs. Still, Trent has returned, and brilliantly, which can't be said for the cocksure old dictator of Baker Street, whose reappearance after many years was a sad mistake ; not to mention dragging back with him Dr. Watson, who should have been allowed to die of delirium tremens (brought on by an Afghan bullet, as you remember), wearing his trusty bowler to the last and mumbling, " Holmes, this is incredible." To judge exactly how dusty and dopey the said Holmes has grown, try Dashiell Hammett's *The Thin Man*, in which the detective continuously swallows highballs at high speed amid the rush and rattle of New York life and has an affectionate dust-up or two with his wife between and during drinks as well. The film was even swifter, more ruthless, and more elegant. than the book. Think of any Sherlock Holmes film you may have seen, and if by comparison it doesn't seem to you like a slow-motion study of the emotional life of the duckbilled platypus we must be miserably mistaken in you.

Following Trent's reappearance, in our modest opinion, the permanent retirement of the erudite Philo Vance would complete the delight of the more thoughtful crime-loving populace. His retirement from

detection might be marked by the formal presentation of a complete set of the *Enc. Britt.*, the gift of admirers, preferably dropped on him from an immense height.

It Doesn't Hurt

WE 'VE had an invitation to the International Surrealist Exhibition, opening at the New Burlington Galleries next month. Among the leading exponents of " art-forms evolved in the Subconscious " exhibiting are Picasso, Dali, and Miro, and Meret Oppenheim has composed " a tea-set in grey squirrel fur," after which he (or she ?) doubtless had a good wash and was ready for play. What chiefly interests us is that surrealism still survives. We met it in Paris years ago when Cocteau and his friends were performing on the high trapeze, glueing (for example) bellying masses of piano-wire in vaguely spherical form on a marble slab and calling it " Tête : dessin archineurotique en B mol," which hurt nobody and kept the children quiet while the grown-ups talked. The great argument for surrealism struck us then and has never ceased to strike us—namely, that anybody can do it, without even a correspondence-course in elementary technique. Little girls can do it. Cabmen can. Royal Academicians even could do it—not, perhaps, composing a fur tea-set, but almost certainly expressing their subconscious by daubing raspberry jam on packing-cases.

And talking of packing-cases, when Picasso daubed a few tired squiggles on a packing-case on the quais all those years ago and called it " Portrait de ma Maîtresse," how soon did the other art boys decide that it wasn't just a rather sleepy joke after closing-time, Picasso being unable to think of anything better ?

The cafés made surrealism, probably, as they 've made so many other movements : the boys whose favourite critical adjectives in all the arts are " définitif," " lapidaire," " affirmatif," and " total." That isn't difficult, either.

Erratum

DISMAYED by a recent statement that he is one of the richest authors in the world, Phillips Oppenheim begs us to deny it. " Neither the quality of my work," he says, " nor the measure of its success, nor the facts, entitle me to be described as such." And he adds that there are at least a dozen well-known writers at the moment whose earnings " as is only seemly," are far in excess of his own. We naturally hasten to print this modest disclaimer, jibbing only at the operative word " seemly," which implies acceptance of the disturbing theory that these dozen wealthier boys all deserve their dough more than Oppenheim. Which, as the Dean said when his wife suddenly became one mass of pimples at a Zenana bazaar, looks absurd on the face of it.

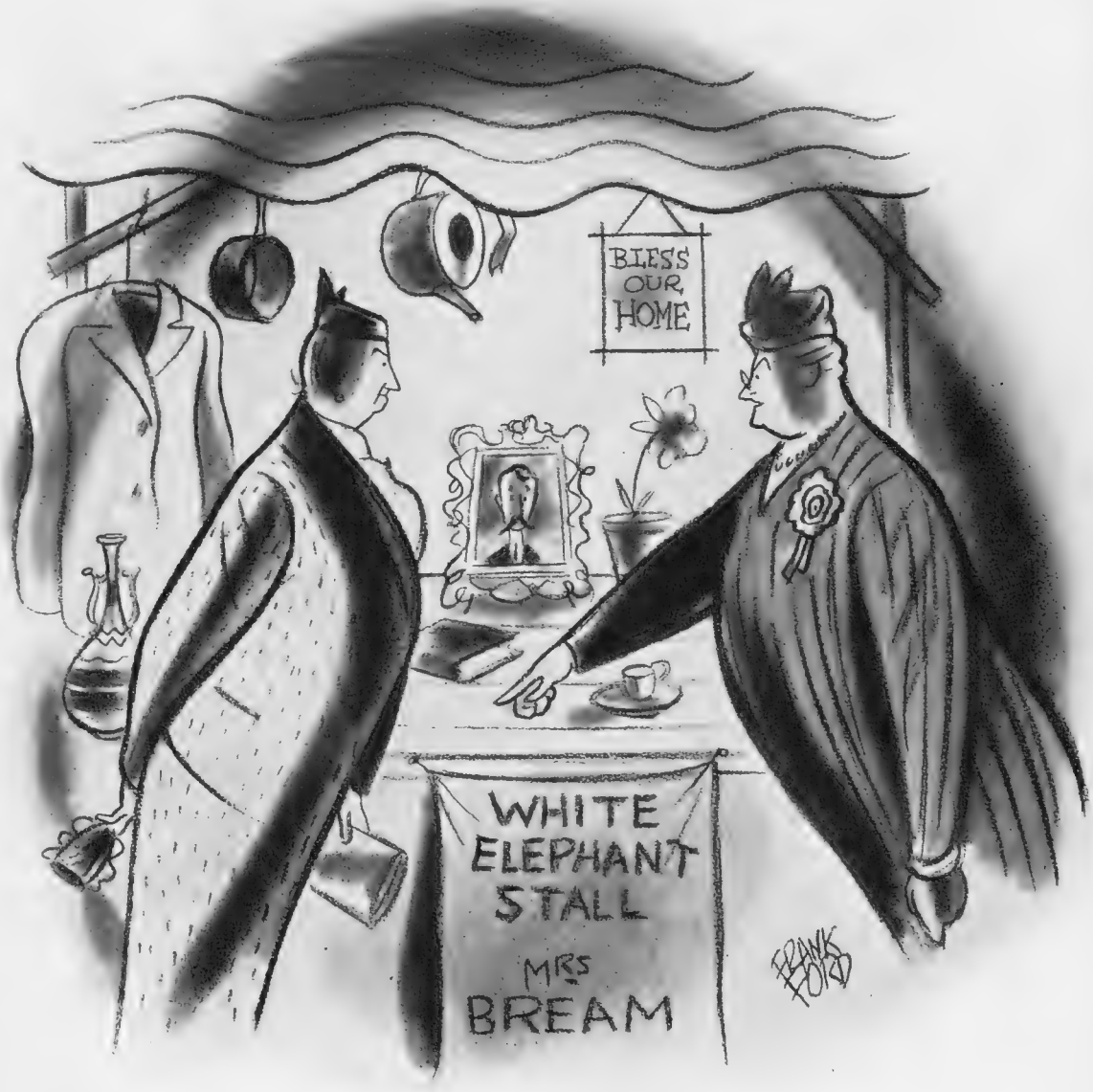
Dreamy Time, S.E.

PRETTY nearly everybody on the ground was asleep when we got to the Oval the other afternoon to see Surrey play Hampshire. Now and again somebody in the members' stand muttered and grumbled and turned over, or applauded gently in a dream, and on the other side a few drowsy ones kept pointing lackadaisically to an old man in the cheap seats who was dead, but for the most part it was a perfect cricket afternoon. Kipling describes it all somewhere—a whole crowd stretched out rigid and asleep and deathly still ; some snoring face downwards, arms folded ; some with clasped hands flung up behind their heads ; some curled up dogwise ; some limply drooping, some bowed stiffly forward like broken automatons. The dogs sniff at them and turn away. A leper, silvery white and ash-grey—no, that 's wrong. We 're mixing it up with a heat-wave in Lahore. A travelled friend we took with us said there wasn't much difference, anyway.

Night-Piece

HAVING been accused the other week of burlesquing the ethical implications of English Cricket, we were gratified to find one of the gossip-boys coming out on our side good and strong. Describing the sensations of one of his friends who happened to walk across the pitch at Lord's one evening lately at about 8 p.m., after the congregation had dispersed, he concluded : " The silence was almost startling. For no reason at all he [the friend] found himself lowering his voice, as one does on entering a church." That " for no reason at all " is, of course, just an embarrassed laugh. The chap was feeling hallowed, in spite of himself, and though chaps naturally don't discuss such things, anybody decent will understand. Including a baby we heard of recently, aged three. Having been given a small cricket bat and a big painted ball, ennobling influences entered his tiny life immediately, almost his first act being to take a swipe at his nurse for speaking to him in French.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



" *Mrs. Moffit, in the name of the Bazaar Committee,* put back that egg-cosy "

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Tangled Lives and Shining Stars

Sketches by Rouson

Three in Byron's life: above, Lady Oxford (Joyce Kennedy) and Annabella Milbanke, afterwards Lady Byron (Norah Robinson); below, Mrs. Augusta Leigh (Mary Glynne)

"Bitter Harvest" (St. Martin's)

THIS play, with Byron as its central figure, is intensely interesting in spite of the "little devil doubt" which insists upon obtruding itself, for it is a difficult story to present with historical accuracy. It seems almost incredible that Augusta Leigh could really have been ignorant of the nature of the charges that connected her name so scandalously with that of her half-brother, but it is a subject that has to be, and is, handled with so much delicacy that a false impression is inevitably given of Augusta's mentality. No woman could have been unaware that there was something wrong and unnatural in the affection that kept her with Byron when she had her own home and, above all, her children, demanding her attention.

Eric Portman gives a clever portrait of Byron, showing his instability, his tempestuous outbreaks and his positive genius for unhappiness. These aspects of the poet's character are strongly stressed, rather to the neglect of the fascinating side of the man who was loved by so many women.

Mary Glynne plays the difficult part of Augusta with brilliance and insight; she has seldom, if ever, done anything better. The characters of the other women are incisively sketched, Annabella Milbanke, the serious-minded young woman who becomes the pathetic and distraught Lady Byron, is cleverly portrayed by Norah Robinson. Joyce Kennedy is very much the charming mondaine; Nadine March shows Lady Caroline Lamb behaving in the traditional manner of a woman scorned, while Mabel Terry-Lewis plays Lady Melbourne with dignity and kindliness.

The little group of Byron's men friends, Tom Moore, Walter Scott and John Hobhouse (Holland Bennett, Roy Russell and Harold Anstruther), while excellently acted are not such vital characters as the women, though the faithful and devoted Fletcher is finely played by John Abbott.

The décor is lovely in its simplicity, particularly the scene in Lord Byron's house in Piccadilly Terrace, the grey curtains making an effective and restful background for the charming dresses designed by the Motleys. The only unharmonious moments were provided by the Panatrope, which made really unpleasant noises between the acts.

"Rise and Shine" (Drury Lane)

THOSE who like too much of a good thing will be highly delighted by the way Drury Lane has once more surpassed itself. Nothing is lacking: there is a train whose wheels actually go round, a giant liner, pock-marked with port-holes, a lovely silver ballet, the wedding of a princess in a Moronian castle and, as a crowning glory, there is an autogyro which actually rises a few feet into the air.

The dresses are gorgeous, the décor is elaborate, the male chorus almost lifts the roof off, and the orchestra is at times positively deafening, all of which make for a huge musical comedy success.

The one thing not provided is sufficient humour, which is a matter for regret as Harry Graham can show a very pretty wit; as it is, Syd Walker has uphill work in the part of Oswald; some of the best lines go to Irene Browne, who makes a great hit as the Duchess of Bermondsey. Binnie Hale brings her usual easy charm to the part of Anne, and she has an admirable partner in Jack Whiting; he has an exceptionally pleasant personality and capabilities farabove the average. The music is pleasant, and many of the tunes are certain of popularity.

And the poet himself in a Don Juan in Hell mood — Eric Portman

Celia Johnson—a Lovely Jane Austen Heroine

Lowen painted this water-colour of Celia Johnson in her Elizabeth Bennet costume specially for the "Bystander." It is from the St. James's production of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*—Rex Whistler designed the attractive period dresses and décor, and his conception of 1813 modes shows what a pendulum affair fashion is. Celia Johnson is Mrs. Peter Fleming in private life. She played Anne Hargraves in *The Wind and the Rain* for two years

Portrait of Marlene Dietrich

This time it is Marlene Dietrich with her German blonde hair and her German blue eyes and her pale, well-modelled face whom Gitano has made out of his mixture of cardboard, string, and what not. What kind of a film she's going to make here for Alexander Korda, who is to be her director, and who her co-star, is news that is still to come. The great Lubitsch has put her right back at the top of the star list with his brilliant production, *Desire*, which is having as glittering a success on the Continent as it had here

Summer's "Gaudy Gold"

A Camera Study by Norman Parkinson

Films of the Day: By George Campbell

The Fall of Mae West

I HOPE I am not hard-hearted—and it really is a hard heart that does not, as a general rule, feel some sympathy for a fallen star. If Mae West's fate leaves me unmoved, the reasons are not obscure. In the first place, though *Klondike Annie* indicates that her bloom days are over, her contract with Paramount has some time to run, and at the modest stipend of £30,000 a picture, she should be able to put by enough to keep the wolf from the door. In the second place, she never was a real actress, anyhow.

I used to enjoy Miss West. She came into pictures as a Broadway actress with a reputation for exploiting the more blatant side of sex. She had even written a play called *Sex*, and been arrested for appearing in it. She was a gusty, grotesque, amusing creature, too essentially a parody on sex to be really immoral. You could defend her on the ground on which Charles Lamb defended the Restoration comedy: she belonged to an unreal world, and was exempt from ordinary moral standards. Her humour was Times Square Rabelais, her dialogue had a frank bawdiness that gave offence to sensitive people, but was refreshing, in a way, after years of sniggering innuendo. No one could claim that she was a good influence in pictures; but I doubt if she did anybody real harm. One can hardly imagine the most repressed and impressionable New England wench padding her stays, digging up a Gainsborough hat from her grandmother's attic, and swaying forth on a career of vice, by way of a tribute to her technique. No, old people recalled the heavy-weight sirens of their youth; the young, so far as my experience goes, were mostly rather bored. Nobody took Mae seriously.

EXCEPT Miss West. When she first made a hit, in a minor rôle in a George Raft picture, called (if memory serves me) *Night After Night*, all Hollywood laughed, and producers took notice. There was gold in them thar hills. She made a bigger hit in *I'm No Angel*, and became the vogue, the subject of a thousand stories told over a million tables.

Since then she has been slipping. With every picture it has become clearer that she is not, in the real sense, an actress—that she has only one line, one make-up, one joke. "When you've seen one Rhine ruin, you've seen the lot," an old and disillusioned traveller once remarked to me, with some justice; and the same might be said of Mae West pictures. If she had been clever, if she had put herself in the hands of a comic genius like Lubitsch, if she had commissioned scripts from Ben Hecht and Donald Ogden Stewart, she might at least have delayed the end.

But she had other ideas. She was what America calls a wiseguy. She knew it all. No sooner had she made a hit in one picture than she began to take herself seriously. She not merely insisted on writing her own stories, which might have been put down to a thrifty desire to make a bit both ways, but she also thought she knew all about direction, casting and all the other technicalities that go to make a successful moving picture. She demanded handsome young leading men, but would never give them a chance.

SHE insisted on having a certain cameraman who alone knew the angles from which to photograph her curves—just as if photographing her was an esoteric craft, like alchemy or that particular brand of prophecy that depends on the precise dimensions of the Pyramids. She developed a temperament, made scenes, quarrelled with her producer, and generally showed every symptom of that commonest of stage and film complaints known as being upstage.

If this were just Hollywood gossip—but it isn't; it shows in the picture. *Klondike Annie* is an innocuous but extraordinarily dull production, which indicates that the real debunking of poor Mae has been left to Will Hays and our Censor; and on top of its deficiencies in the way of plot and dialogue, she gives an extremely bad performance even in her own limited way. Maybe she's just trying to look extra hard-boiled; anyway, she toddles through the part with an expression of sullen indifference and complete boredom. The others, some of whom can act, get no chance. That magnificent actor, Victor McLaglen, has nothing to do except gaze at the rotund star with adoration, and toss her playfully in the air—a histrionic and muscular feat that entitles him, in the opinion of this critic, to Hollywood's gold medal with bar, for the second year in succession. His only rival is young Philip Reed, who contrives to look positively soppy, but discreetly allows Miss West to move under her own steam.

Mae West as Klondike Annie

"Klondike Annie," which went to the Plaza last week, is a film made from Mae West's own play. Raoul Walsh directed this Paramount film, in which Mae is lightly disguised as good girl Annie, with Victor McLaglen as a sea-captain and Phillip Reed as a detective who "reforms" Annie

IT is pleasant to turn to a real picture. *The Emperor's Candlesticks* is in the best Viennese manner—polished, well-mannered, beautifully acted. There are moods—generally induced by study of the foreign page—in which one is tempted to imagine that there is only one really civilised country, and that is ours. Then one sees a picture like this, and some crude concoction from a British studio, and one is forced to admit that the art of government and the art of film-production seem not to flourish on the same soil.

THERE is nothing profound about the plot of *The Emperor's Candlesticks*. Based on Baroness Orczy's best-seller—incidentally, the lady's works seem to lend themselves admirably to the screen—it is just a spy melodrama of no literary distinction. Where it scores is in the remarkable neatness of the construction, and in the skill with which the chase across Europe after the candlesticks and the documents they contain is worked up to a thrilling climax in a London auction-room. The story is directed with remarkable suavity and resource, and the acting of the principals is brilliant.

Hazel Terry and Hugh Sinclair in Another Sabatini Film

Karl Grune directed Capitol's "The Marriage of Corbal," taken from Sabatini's French Revolution novel, which had its première at the Leicester Square on Monday. Hazel Terry, who plays the heroine, was seen by Grune at the Oxford Repertory Theatre, and the subsequent screen test resulted in this, her first part on the films. She is eighteen years old

Anthony

Mrs. John Christie—Glyndebourne Star

As Mrs. John Christie she is the wife of the owner of Glyndebourne and the creator of the Glyndebourne Mozart Festival; as Audrey Mildmay she is one of the chief performers of the Festival. She is appearing again as Susanna in *Figaro*, a part she took last year and during the first season in 1934, and is also appearing as Zerline in *Don Giovanni*, which has been added to the Glyndebourne repertoire this year. Audrey Mildmay is a Canadian and made her first success as a singer in America; then she joined the Carl Rosa Opera Company over here, then she met and married John Christie. She has also sung as a guest artist of the Vic-Wells Opera Company. The Festival at Glyndebourne begins on Friday with *Don Giovanni* and goes on until July 5th

"A Wood in Kensington"

Vivien Leigh gives a charming performance as the heroine of the Max Beerbohm fantasy which Clemence Dane adapted for the theatre. She 's as pretty and innocent and gentle a maiden as ever caught the wandering attention of a rake and made him wish to see himself reflected a saint in her eyes. At His Majesty's it is Ivor Novello disguised as Lord George Hell who falls for her charms and finds himself a new face wherewith to win her heart and hand

Vivien Leigh

As Jenny Mere, Heroine of "The Happy Hypocrite"

It is just a year since
of a West End theatre
part in *The Mask of*
a stage career ; her firs
when Sydney Carroll
England and France, a
London Films but so f
Mrs. Leigh Holman, h

As the Little Dancer at Garbles

Vivien Leigh first showed her lovely face to the audience and became a star between one day and another. Her *Virtue* at the Ambassadors was only her second attempt at had been made three months before at the Q Theatre discovered" her. Before that she had studied briefly in done a little film work. Now she is under contract to has not appeared in a picture. In private life she is one small daughter, and lives in Little Stanhope Street

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

She Stole Lord George Hell's Heart Away

Sculptress, Writer and Traveller

Mrs. Clare Sheridan At Home in St. John's Wood

She Cooks for Herself

Clare Sheridan beneath her Busts of Serge Lifar and the Mahatma Gandhi

She is Wearing a Burnous: Above is a Bust of Lenin

The House is in Woronzow Road, N.W.

WANDERLUST and the pursuit of art have led Mrs. Clare Sheridan all over Europe, Russia and the Near East. For eight years she lived in an oasis house that she built in the desert, and wrote about it in *Nuda Veritas* and *Arab Interlude*. As European correspondent for the *New York World*, she interviewed Mussolini, Mustapha Kemal and Stamboulisky. Her sculpture includes portrait-busts of Lenin (for the Russian Government), Lord Oxford (for the Oxford Union) and Serge Lifar, which is in this year's Academy. She is a cousin of Lionel Leslie, whose Exhibition of Sculpture was opened by Sir John Lavery last week

Photographs by Swaebe

Gerly Simon, London

Sister and Brother—the Hon. Moyra Lubbock and Lord Avebury

Lord Avebury, who is the third baron, came of age two weeks ago; he succeeded his uncle in 1929. His only sister, the Hon. Moyra Lubbock, was born in 1917, and is a debutante of this season; she's a good horsewoman and hunts hard all winter. Their mother is now Mrs. J. W. Beaumont Pease; their father, Captain the Hon. Harold Lubbock, was killed in the war. The Lubbocks have been a famous banking family for over a hundred years; the family firm, Robarts, Lubbock and Co., was amalgamated with Coutts and Co., of which the late Lord Lubbock was a director

Perambulator Parade

Some Prominent Mothers and Their Very Young

Mrs. Ronald Senior and Susan

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Senior's only daughter is called Susan. Mrs. Senior was Miss Norah Joicey before her 1932 marriage; she is a daughter of the Hon. James Arthur Joicey, Lord Joicey's elder son

Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower

Lucinda Gaye Leveson-Gower was christened last January. Her mother is Sir John and Lady Mullens's daughter and married Hugh Leveson-Gower in 1934. She and her husband have a very attractive small house in Elizabeth Street

Lady Helen Jessel and Timothy

Timothy Jessel is only a few months old—he was christened in February. His father is the Hon. Edward Jessel, Lord Jessel's heir; his mother is Lord Londonderry's third daughter

Mrs. Henry Illingworth and Jamie

Mrs. Henry Illingworth and Jamie Illingworth only have to cross the road from Rutland Gate to get into the Park. She was Dawn Gold before her marriage in 1933, and is a daughter of Harcourt Gold, the famous rowing coach

Mrs. W. F. Dundas

Captain and Mrs. W. F. Dundas's daughter, Anthea, is about eight weeks old. Mrs. Dundas is a stepdaughter of the Maclachlan of Maclachlan—was Millicent Nicol; her husband is in the Black Watch and stationed in India

Mrs. Stephen Villiers Smith and Stephen

Left: Mrs. Stephen Villiers Smith was Olivia † James, and is the daughter of the late Hon. Cuthbert James. She married in 1934 and her son was born last year. She and her husband live in Montagu Square

Shoes for the Cruise from the World's most beautiful Shoe Store

In the minds of Smart Women the NEW DOLCIS SUPER SHOE STORE has in one month become the Rendezvous of Fashion lovers. Its visitors . . . and there have been thousands . . . have marvelled at a new conception, fulfilled at a Shoe Store so different, so beautiful, so spacious . . . at such bewildering variety of graceful shoes.

Have you been to the American Floor in this New Dolcis Store? . . . If not, do come soon and see the "New System" American Shoes, so brilliantly designed, so versatile as to fittings, so wonderfully flexible . . . those shoes which have made American women noted for their impeccable footwear.

Or, if you wish to choose from a wealth of delicate models from the Continent . . . or from a host of Dolcis British Models . . . so well known not only for style but for their inbuilt integrity, come and select the smartest and best shoes that money can buy, from as little as 16/9, or up to four guineas . . . values unrivalled anywhere in Great Britain or the World.

Here are four Models selected by the Dolcis Stylist from the collection of Cruising and Summer Evening Shoes specially designed and made in New York for DOLCIS.

Also obtainable at the New Dolcis Super Shoe Store now open in Brompton Road, Knightsbridge.

DOLCIS

the world's most complete shoe store

OXFORD STREET *(facing Bond Street)*

There are parking facilities adjoining the Dolcis Store

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST *(to say nothing of the cigarette box)*

Colour Photograph by Walter Bird

The beauty is Marie Princess Paul Troubetzkoy, well known in both literary and social circles. The beast speaks for himself (or would do if he were not quite so dead). And the cigarettes ?

DE RESZKE—*of course !*

'MAJORS' 20 *for* 1/-

'MINORS' 30 *for* 1/-

"Bystander" Short Story No. 39

The Small World

By Max Brand

SMYTHE doesn't mind spending money on wine and song, but for other things he prefers to spend time and tact. He is a tall man, with an erect bearing, and plenty of sternness in the forehead to make up for the rather soggy good nature of his jowls; therefore he is not an instant favourite with the ladies. It should be noted that women do not like big men. Why this should be the psycho-analysts have not explained, but it is certainly true that Narcissus could not have stood more than five feet eight, and Don Juan was obviously only a welter-weight. So Smythe, when he goes out at night, takes with him an unusual and living introduction to the girls; he rents a dog from a kennel and brings it along on a leash to the bars and the night-clubs. Usually he tried for a pedigree dog which might be boarding at a kennel while the owner was out of town.

A bit of hand-feeding will make most dogs affectionate. If it 's an ugly brute that shows its teeth, Smythe says: "Poor devil belongs to a cousin of mine. Left locked up in a room all the time. I had to take him out; and he'll probably wind up by biting off a leg for me, because I 'm a stranger. That 's the devil of it. We all hate the unknown. But really we 're all strange. None of us knows the other fellow. Not really."

A speech like this makes the people in a bar look at Smythe. Sometimes they shrug their shoulders and walk on, because they don't want to be puzzled by a new brand of social philosophy. But often they stay. A girl will sit down suddenly and say: "That sounds like something; I think that 's awfully good."

Smythe says that all girls like to be thoughtful and deep if they can get a chance. He says that when they 're out being entertained, they 're expected to make vague, kindergarten noises and use their feet more than their brains, so that when they have a chance to celebrate it makes them feel all new, and light, and strange. Smythe says that when a dog is around it leads a girl right into the profundities. She looks down at the dog and she looks up to the man that owns it. Also Smythe says that girls are incurably bent on finding a hero, and a man with a dog fills the rôle.

I am very much impressed by Smythe's dog-technique, but I couldn't help asking him the other day how he wangled it so that the *right* girl would sit down with him and the pup. His answer was surprising—Smythe is characteristically surprising. He said: "Any girl is all right, if you know how to take her. Besides, you don't have to throw the bait until you see the prize fish."

But even Smythe has had a set-back. The rumour has gone about that he stays late at his office, that he has begun to read Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, that he has taken up chess, and that when he goes out he *never* takes a dog along. I asked him about it yesterday. Before he would answer, he walked up and down the room a few times and drank two glasses of Bushmill's Black Label, neat. I saw that he was moved, and waited in silence. Finally the story began to break out of him in chunks.

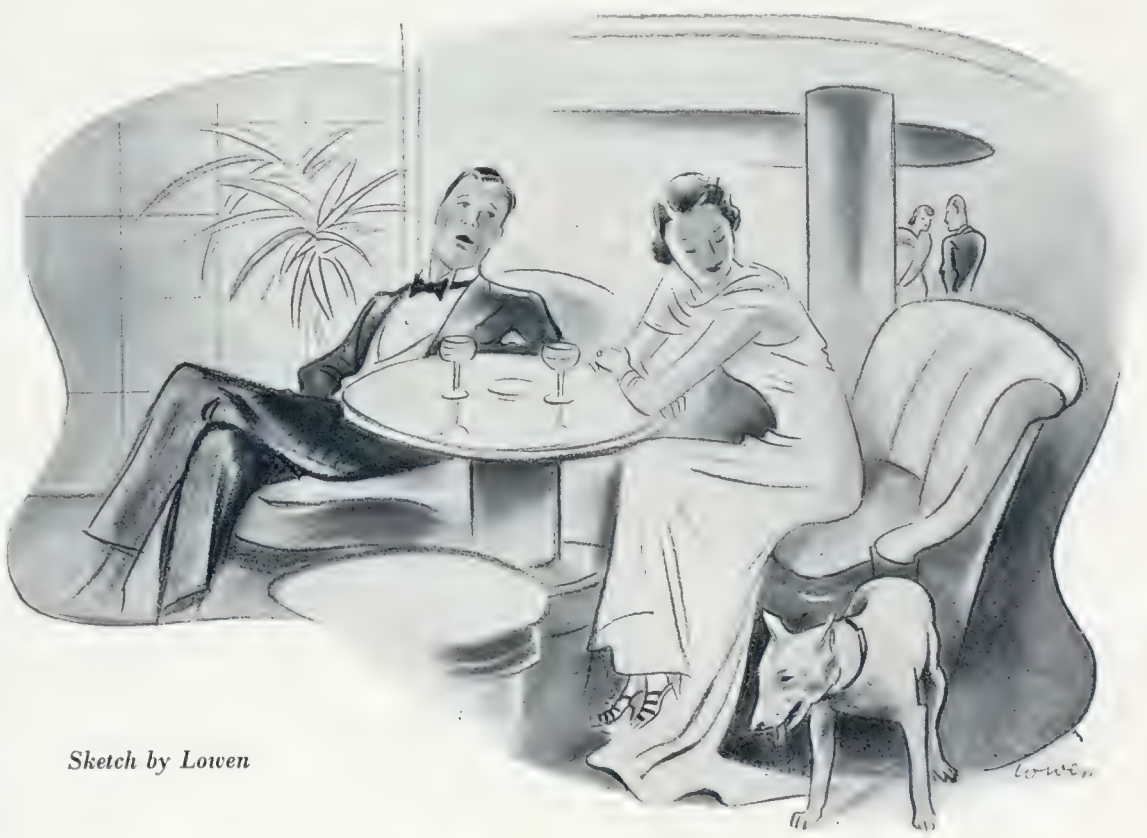
IT seems that Smythe—that evening three or four weeks ago—had rented a fine white English bull-terrier for the night. He felt that the dog's crisp lines and the aristocratic sleepiness of his eyes would set off the man at the end of the leash, but instead of a white tiger he found that he was hitched to a lump of lead that started sniffing gasoline fumes in the middle of a street and had to be dragged all the way across. Fifty pounds of bull-terrier can take a lot of dragging, said Smythe. Finally he got the brute into one of those big hotel bars where the idea is to give as much privacy as possible to the tables around the wall. Smythe took a stool at the bar and cooled himself off with a tall, thin Scotch-and-soda. A big party cruised in, spilled itself along the bar, and, as usual, one of the girls in the crowd attached herself to the bull-terrier. Smythe paid heed to her because, when she spoke to it, the chunk of white lead stood up on its hind-legs and licked her hand.

Now that Smythe was looking at her, he made an amazing discovery. The discovery was that she was indescribable!

The facts, as well as he could make them out, were about as follows: she was around five feet five or six, weight about a hundred and twenty, hands fair (Smythe is a connoisseur of hands, which, he says, are an almost flawless guide), arms not bad, shoulders so-so, neck rather weak behind, ankles a trifle clumsy, calves disappointing, mouth nothing much, nose shortish, eyes green-grey or something, hair darkish-brownish, clothes full of the great open spaces. Even as I assemble these facts, I fail to see what is unusual about them, but Smythe, who has a damned penetrating brain, knew instantly that he was in the presence of that non-existent thing: the Average American Girl!

It took his breath. For once money became to him a thing of no object. He offered her a drink, and in a few moments, with his flawless technique, had her at

(Concluded on page 374)



Sketch by Lowen

"Zipper, lie down!" said the average girl

The Small World *(Continued from page 272)*

a very private corner table. She had belonged to the big party, but she was one of those detachables.

As usual, he began by talking about the dog. The girl pointed at the bull-terrier, which promptly caught the finger, gradually shifted it back to his molars and crunched. However, she removed it just as Smythe's blood was turning cold, and the red enamel of the finger-nail was not even scratched. Smythe decided that she was average only in appearance.

He continued his ordinary tactics, saying, as though inspired by sudden insight: "You 're not . . ." Then he paused and seemed embarrassed. (Smythe is a wonderful actor. He can get tears in his eyes. He can do everything except blush.)

"I 'm not what?" said the girl, falling into the old pattern.

"You 're not happy," said Smythe. "I 'm sorry. . . . But I can see it!"

"Well, are *you* happy?" asked the girl.

This was just a little unusual. Ordinarily they asked this question a lot later, after they had unburdened themselves of a good deal of phoney biography. But when Smythe got his cue, he went right on with his part. He patted the head of the dog and laughed, a little sadly.

"We won't go into that," he said. Then he brightened himself with a visible effort and said: "I want you to be as happy as you can. Let 's not talk about trouble."

She had a strange lack of emotion in her voice when she answered: "The only good men are the dead ones. What killed you?"

"Not bullets," said Smythe, and laughed his sad laugh again.

"A woman?" asked the girl.

He looked into the painful distance and, after a time he murmured: "What did you say?"

He felt that he was being hurried a little because, as a rule, he needed much more time before he intimated that there had been a deep and ruining passion in his life. He was certain that the pace had been too swift when he heard the girl remarking calmly: "Well, never mind."

So Smythe shook himself out of it. Like a good chess player, he knew a host of variations for every move, and so he took a bold tack which had won any number of games for him in the past.

He looked fixedly and yet gently upon her for two or three seconds.

"No," he said. "Let 's talk about you. Are you a bad girl? . . . Do you mind me saying it like this . . . brutally?"

"What do you call bad?" said this strange average girl.

He had the answer with the speed of an automatic: "I never have dared to define it."

"I 'll tell you how bad I am," she said. "I take twenty-five dollars a week from home."

Smythe felt that a piece had been taken from the board, but he could not tell exactly what had been lost: he was a trifle dazed.

"Twenty-five a week . . . ah . . ." said Smythe.

"I take twenty-five a week from home, and all the time I 'm doing this," she explained, and made a gesture which included in "this" the drinks, the table, Smythe, and the whole place except the dog. When her hand dropped to her side after the gesture, the dog began to chew it. Smythe decided that when a bull-terrier is along finger-bowls should be served with every drink.

But he was glad the dog was there, because he found that he had wandered into a region which was conversationally a bit strange even to him.

"The poor old fellow likes you," said Smythe. "Leads a rotten life. Cousin of mine has him, and never takes him out. I couldn't stand it. Had to give him some air."

"Oh," said the girl, and blew out a long, blue-brown breath of smoke.

"I see what you mean," went on Smythe. "You take the money from the old folks, and still you keep on stepping out, now and then? . . . I 'll tell you what."

"Yes, do tell me," said the girl.

"I could find a job for you," said Smythe. "You tell me what you can do."

"This," said the girl, and made another of those gestures which included everything except the dog.

"You 've never tried real work?" asked Smythe.

"What do you mean . . . real?" she asked.

He looked at her eyes through the smoke. They seemed more green than grey, and a strange chill of apprehension went through Smythe; but at this moment a very odd thing happened. A police dog went by on a leash, and the bull-terrier got stealthily to his feet and smiled a pink, hungry smile.

"Zipper, lie down!" said the average girl.

The dog crouched to the floor again.

"Do you know . . ." began Smythe.

"I know Zipper pretty well," she said. "But I didn't know that my cousin, Truman Wilson, was your cousin. Did you?"

Somehow Smythe got the bill paid and carted that fifty pounds of white weight out into the fresh air.

At this point I said: "After all, why be so serious? It was just one of those things."

Smythe poured out three fingers of my Old Bushmill's and rolled it slowly down over the back of his tongue.

"It 's just one of those things, and the dog gag is as good as ever," I repeated.

He shook his head. There was poetic sorrow in his face.

He said: "No; whenever I take a dog into a crowd, I feel that half the women whose backs are turned to me may be that girl. . . . Half the people in the street look like her. . . . I would hardly know her if I saw her again, but she would know me. . . . When I go out at night, I sort of sneak around, think twice before I speak, and look before I leap. My morale is all gone."

I saw that old Smythe really was a sensitive soul.

I could only say: "I 'm sorry!"

He took another drink, and then breathed out the words: "I come from the West, you know. . . . And I always had a feeling that the world was a pretty big place . . ."

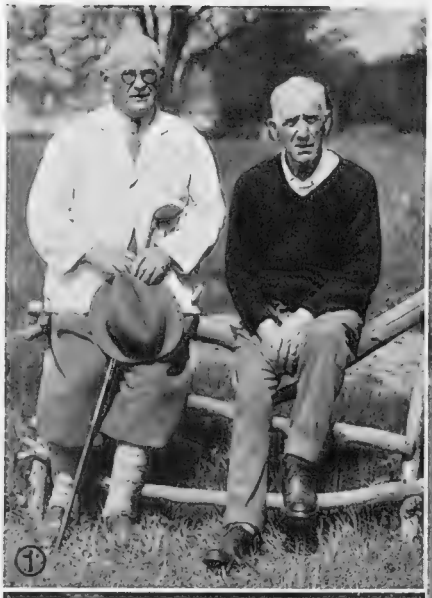
THE END

"You 'ave it over, Larry, and see what I'll give you!"

This is one of a series of attractive photographs now being used by Wolseley Motors Ltd., to illustrate the new 10/40 h.p. and 12/48 h.p. Wolseleys.

Golf Clubs at Home

Caterham Club, Surrey



(1) F. D. Landeker and Major Irvine (foundation secretary). (2) G. H. Spencer (captain) and W. E. Boulter, V.C. (3) P. S. Turner, E. Briggs, R. C. Crowe, and G. W. Bacon. (4) A. Durrant (committee) and J. R. Cooper. (5) F. B. Brook (president) and Douglas Brook (professional). (6) A. Finch and R. Turner (committee members). (7) E. W. Snowden and J. B. Gardner. (8) A. R. Batch and R. B. Hobson

This England . . .

THE QUAINT crooked harbours of an older England have changed but little with the centuries. Time has stilled the bustle of their twisty streets, but cob and quay still send their sons to man fine ships on the seaways of the world. The "sea dog" tradition of our English coasts remains. And with it the sturdy habits of simple, homely living, of plain, honest food and heartening full-bodied drink . . . beer. Beer such as Worthington have brewed these many years in the unhurried, thorough manner which is the English way of making history.

Taking Partners

Two More Weddings and Three Recent Engagements

Mr. David Peel and the Hon. Sara Vannec.

Left : the Hon. Sara Vanneck, the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Huntingfield, was married to David Peel at Melbourne Cathedral, Australia. He is the late Rev. the Hon. Maurice Peel and Mrs. Peel's only son, and a nephew of Earl Peel. The bride's father is Governor of Victoria

Right : John Walrond, the son of the late Hon. Lionel Walrond, and brother of Lord Waleran, married Mary Gray at St. Mary's Episcopal Cathedral, Edinburgh. She is the daughter of the Rev. Thomas and Mrs. Gray, of Aboyne

The Hon. John Walrond and Miss Mary Gray

The Hon. Imogen Rhys and the Hon. David Brand

Imogen Rhys and David Brand announced their engagement a fortnight ago ; she is Lord and Lady Dynevor's only daughter ; he is the second of Viscount and Viscountess Hampden's three sons

Below : David Balfour and Araminta Peel are to have an all-white wedding at Miss Peel's home town of Haddington on June 10th. She is Colonel Willoughby Peel's daughter ; David Balfour is Lord and Lady Kinross's younger son

The Hon. David Balfour and Miss Araminta Peel

The Hon. Patricia Macpherson and Mr. Denys Lowson

Patricia Macpherson, Lord and Lady Strathcarron's debutante daughter, and Denys Lowson met the photographer one evening last week, just after the announcement of their engagemnt. Mr. Lowson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Flowerdew Lowson, of Quarwood, Stow-on-the-Wold

"Caking It"

The big event of Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball is the arrival of the giant cake with its 192 candles, brought in by 194 debutantes as maids of honour, and sixty-nine ex-debutantes (1935) as maids in waiting

Swaebe

Miss Rosamund Broughton

Sir Delves and Lady Broughton's only daughter is one of the prettiest of this year's debutantes; she was one of the "maids of honour." Mr. Seymur Leslie organises the Ball in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital

Debutantes' Parade

At Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball

Miss Angela Haig-Thomas is with her uncle, Lord Normanton. She is the eldest and debutante daughter of Mr. Peter and Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas

Swaebe

Baron Franckenstein, brother of Baron Georg Franckenstein, the Austrian Minister, is with Miss Betty Lee and Lord Rossmore. Miss Lee is Lady Rossmore's daughter by her first husband

Two more of the "maid of honour" contingent were Miss Grania Douglas Campbell, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Campbell's youngest daughter, and Miss Elizabeth Lambert

The English Polo Team

H. H. Hughes (No. 1), Gerald Balding (No. 2), Hanut Singh (No. 3), and E. H. Tyrrell-Martin (back) are the English team for the Westchester Cup. In a trial match against Ranelagh last week they won unconvincingly by 16 goals to 11

The French Championships

Top, right: the French International Championships were played at Auteuil all last week, with a big entry, largely European. Perry and Destremeau are here seen going out for their singles match: Perry beat the Frenchman 6—3, 6—3. Destremeau had beaten Austin the day before

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

UNDER my nose as I write lies the wide expanse of Parker's Piece at Cambridge. A number of cricket matches are heartily in progress. Admirable cricket matches they are. A young man in brown shoes, black waistcoat and blue cap has just hit a ball perilously near the sedate windows of the University Arms Hotel. And an east wind is blowing. Such an east wind! It has been rasping my bones all day long at Fenner's. Whenever Cambridge play Nottinghamshire the east wind blows. It frequently snows between whiles. Summer sport indeed!

PERHAPS that is why I am thinking with some wistfulness of the French lawn-tennis championships which are now taking place at Auteuil. A letter from a knowledgeable observer lies before me: "How pleasant an interlude this is," he says. "The weather at Auteuil has been amazing—grilling hot—it might be Wimbledon as far as temperature goes. As for the tennis, that is another story. Don't fret about Perry and Austin and their defeats in the international club match. They would have done better, I think, in five-set matches—as it was, they didn't get going quickly enough, and they found the heat trying. And the Frenchmen had come straight from their Davis Cup matches in Holland, and were on their toes. Mind you, this young Destremeau, who beat Austin, is a mighty likely player. Some of his passing shots were superb, and he was extraordinarily confident for so young a player. He is orthodox and accurate—Perry liked that, incidentally, and rather rushed him, whereas against Boussus Perry had to deal with spin and a slower attack.

"The Stade court is slow, as you know, and both Austin and Perry had to accustom themselves to that. And Perry prefers speed—he's like a punch-ball: the harder you hit him, so to speak, the harder he recoils. Drive him hard, and you will always find that his reserves of stamina and thrust are greater than your own. A great player, and don't forget that Wimbledon and the Davis Cup are some way off yet. You'll find that Perry and Austin come up to scratch all right. I'm only wondering a little uneasily why the young French players, like Destremeau and Bernard, are so much more promising than their English contemporaries."

Well, I've touched upon this problem of our youngsters before, but in the meanwhile it is good to know that expert opinion is quite happy about our leading players. There is only one thing that is worrying me at the moment, and that is Miss Round's inconsistent form. Still, even the great ones have their lapses, and Miss Round also, I am sure, will be in form when the important occasions come along.

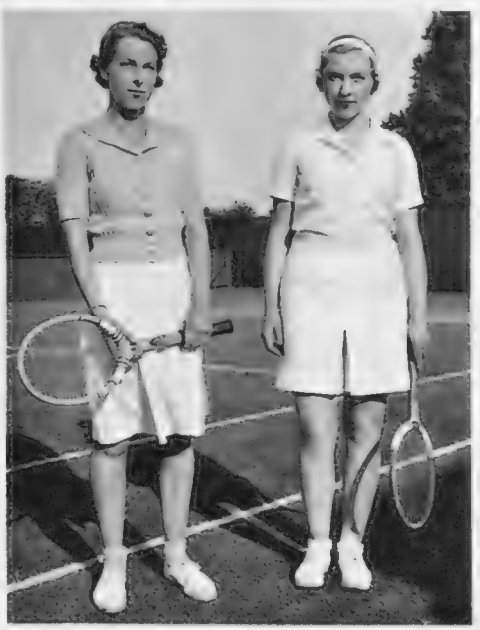
AND how about the Derby? To-day is the day, and you may even be reading this on your way to Epsom—a happy thought. Doubtless you have picked the winner, but what a lucky dip it is this year, to be sure! The pundits have been saying to me with knowing winks, "Pay Up," and if I didn't feel that there was an unpleasantly prophetic ring about the name, I should be strongly tempted. But you have studied the form, and I can only very diffidently pass on the suggestion, which comes from a wise man, that we should cast our minds back to Hurst Park last November, and remember Boswell.

IT is nearly dark now, but they are still playing cricket on Parker's Piece. A man in braces has just smacked the ball vigorously in the direction of Newmarket, and several small boys and a mongrel dog are chasing it into the shadows. Whatever the pessimists may say, cricket still has a tremendous following in this country. There's a queer fascination about the game. At one end of the enthusiasts' scale is the man in braces, and very knowledgeable he is, too. At the other is a man I saw at Fenner's to-day, an exceedingly learned and eminent mathematician, whose attitude to cricket is that of the connoisseur of fine arts.

(*Continued on page* ii)

Alan Pennington and J. P. Knight

Alan Pennington (Berkhamsted and Hertford) and J. P. Knight (Lancing and Trinity) both gained events for Oxford when the Dark Blues won the Universities Championship



Margot Lumb and Thelma Kingsbury

Margot Lumb, the British Squash Racquets Champion, and Thelma Kingsbury, the Badminton Champion, played in the Surbiton tennis tournament. They are both left-handed

A SHORT-PRICED WINNER

By the Racing Correspondent

MY SELECTION, Tonic Water (by Schweppes out of Happy Thought) proved to be the Best Thing of the Day. He started thirst favourite on the Teetotalisator, and looking through the glasses I could see him nicely placed on the rails. He was soon challenged for the lead by Imitator who, as he was not in the same class, was beaten out of sight. Next time I am on 'the flat' I shall certainly put another tanner on this fine offspring of Schweppes.

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The St. George's Grand Challenge Cup—Sandwich and Deal

A VERY good entry was received for the St. George's Grand Challenge Cup at Sandwich this year; it numbered seventy-six, and included nearly all the good golfers in the South of England, as well as A. D. Locke, an amateur and open champion of South Africa, K. Edstrand, of the Falsterbo Golf Club, Sweden, Luis Arana, of the Golf Club Neguri. Spain, and over twenty-five players who have represented their various countries at the game. It is true to say that, before play started, more than half the field had a good chance of winning.

The weather conditions made play difficult; there was a fresh breeze from the south-east in the morning, which increased in force after lunch, and this means that the wind is nearly behind you at the short holes, which makes them more difficult, as it is extremely hard, especially at the 16th hole, to carry the cross bunkers and not run through the greens.

The putting was far from easy, and the cause of the failure of many, including A. D. Locke. D. H. R. Martin, who won the President's Putter in 1934, when he played phenomenal golf in a gale of wind, and who has played for England, won the Cup with scores of 76 and 74; his 76 included two penalty strokes, as he lost his ball off the tee at the canal hole (the 14th) in the morning. Martin did not look like winning, when, in his last round, he went out in 38, and started home 5, 6; but from here on, when all seemed lost, he played wonderful golf, and with the luck running with him, as it so often does when we play really well, finished in 3, 3, 4, 5, 2, 4, 4—three strokes better than the strictest par—and in addition, his two 4's at the 17th and 18th were very nearly 3's. Considering the weather conditions, the cards returned by Martin were decidedly good.

LOCKE, like Bobby Jones before him, found that the links of the Royal St. George's Golf Club are a very stiff proposition to those who do not know the course and have had very little experience of real seaside links, and although he was hitting the ball very well through the greens, he could not find his touch when he was near or on them. Good player as Locke undoubtedly is, I do not fancy his chance of winning either the Open or the Amateur Championship, and expect him to do better in the Open than in the Amateur. He is said to be nearly as good as Sid Brews, but I do not think Brews would win the Amateur Championship if he was eligible to play; it took H. H. Hilton eight years after he won the Open to win the Amateur, and Bobby Jones four years, and even then the latter was considerably more fortunate than most winners to get through.

MAJOR W. H. H. AITKEN, the holder, had apparently put himself out of the running by taking 79 in the morning, but a magnificent 34 out in the afternoon put him right in the picture again, but he then slipped shots at the 13th and 14th, and a 6 at the 15th, where he was bunkered, was the end of his chance of victory. R. H. Wethered finished two strokes behind the winner, and would no doubt have won, if he had not had a very terrible start to his first round; at the first four holes which he played, the only figures on his card were 6's and 5's; he was out in 44, finished in 81, and returned a card of 71 after lunch, the best score of the day, which represented golf worthy of a 68 in favourable conditions

The pace at which the players played was disgracefully slow; I did not hear of a single couple who did not take over three hours to get round, and many took considerably longer. It is granted that the wind made it a very easy matter to drive crooked, and when this occurred the ball generally finished in long grass, and consequently several players lost balls, but this reason is not sufficient to explain the tedious crawl round the course.

A FIELD consisting entirely of golfers who are supposed to hit the ball reasonably well, and largely of young players, took a longer time to play their rounds than elderly gentlemen with handicaps round 18 could possibly have done, and this, surely, is not right. It is most unfortunate that, when these regrettable occurrences take place, it is so difficult to find the culprits, who may be several holes or more ahead of you. It seems most unfair that practically the entire entry should have its day spoilt because two or three players are pleased to play like snails, and it is certainly most unjust. Those who are so constituted that they really cannot play their best unless they take several minutes over each shot, should show some consideration to their fellow competitors by requesting to be allotted the last starting time, a request which I feel sure would, in nearly every case, be granted with pleasure.

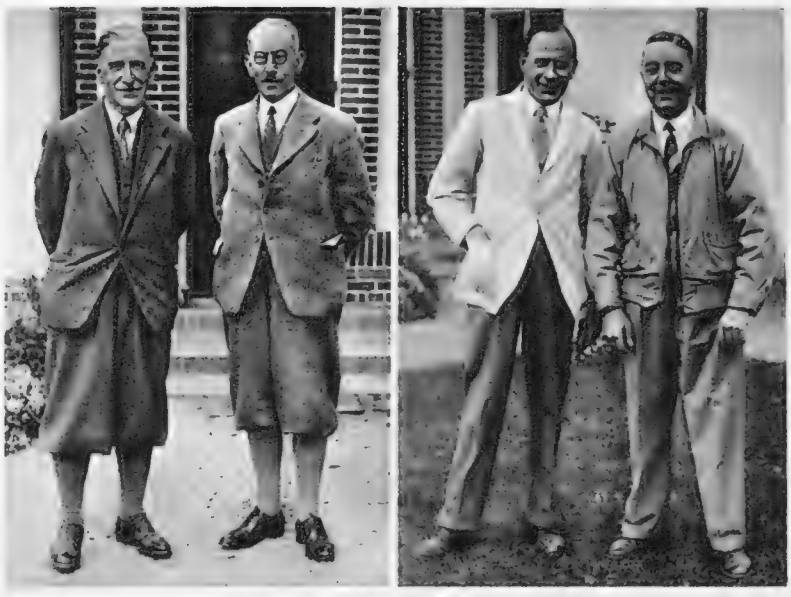
ON the day following the play for the Royal St. George's Grand Challenge Cup, the Prince of Wales's Challenge Cup was played for at Deal, where the weather conditions were easier, and where, I am glad to say, the pace at which the players played was considerably faster. The result was a quadruple tie, a very unusual result, between A. G. S. Penman, who won the St. George's Challenge Cup in 1934, A. S. G. Thompson, a previous winner, C. J. H. Tolley, and L. O. M. Munn, all of whom returned cards of 148.

Golf is really a very funny game; Penman, who could do little right at Royal St. George's, and did not do better than 81 in either of his rounds the day before, had at Deal not only a great chance of winning outright with three holes to play, but also of breaking the amateur record of the course; to do this he had to finish in three 4's, and as the wind made the 16th hole within range of a drive with an iron, he appeared likely to have little trouble to get these figures, but he had a complete crash and finished in 5, 6, 4.

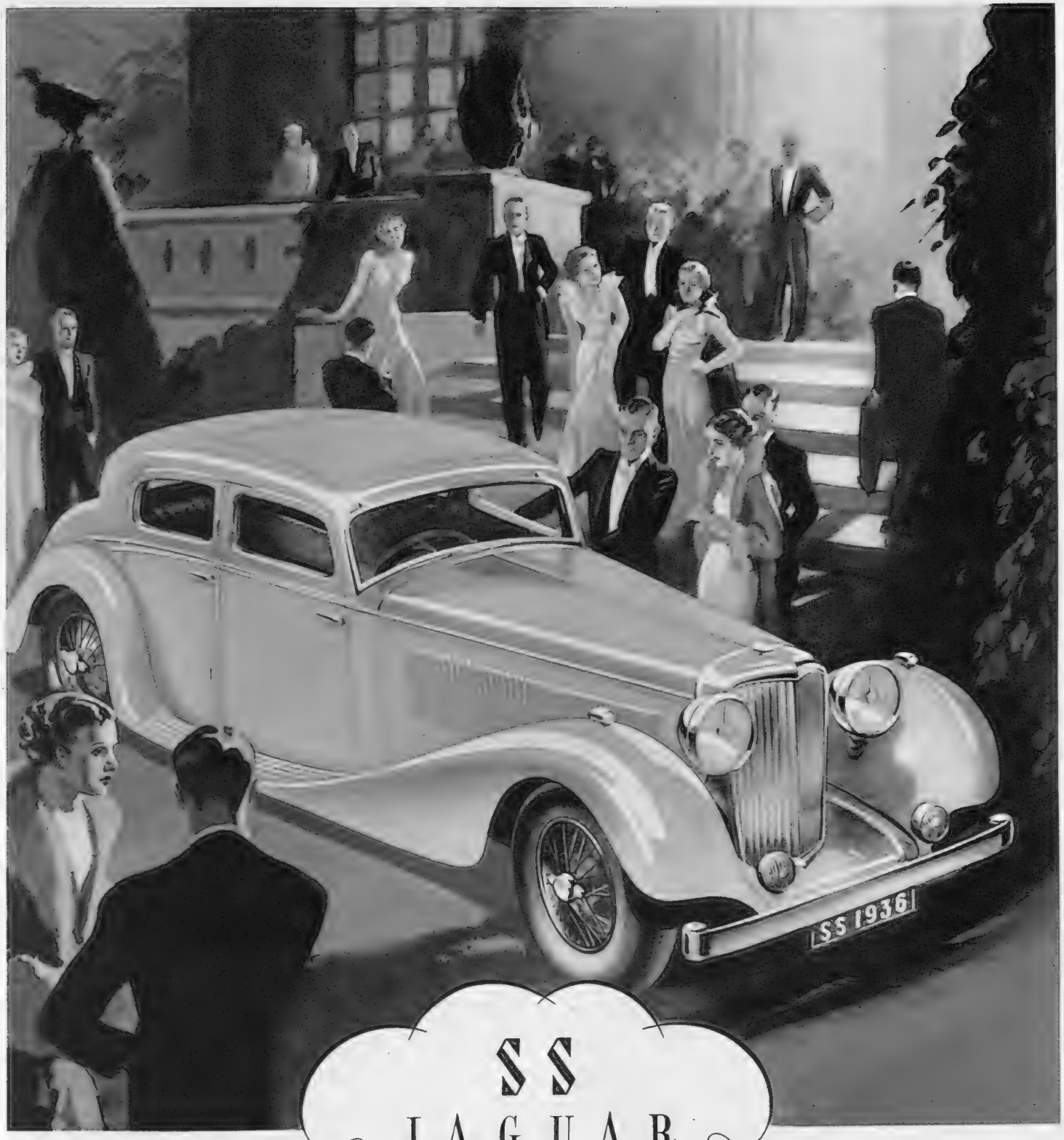
I can remember a few years ago, in the Halford Hewitt Cup competition, when his side was hard pressed, Humphrey Ellis, of Eton, and his partner finishing the links at Deal in 3; 2, 3; but this was positively inhuman, as Ellis holed a spoon shot at the 17th, and his partner put the second as near stone dead as makes no matter at the 18th. I wonder what Penman would have given for this finish?

Play for the Liberty Challenge Cup

The "Wiltshiremen in London" Golf Society held its tournament for the Liberty Challenge Cup at Woodcote Park, Coulsdon. The Marquess of Ailesbury (left) is their president; with him are Leonard Bentall, Captain Ivor Stewart Liberty, and N. J. T. Neilson



Four more Wiltshiremen in London at the Woodcote Park meeting were (left) G. M. Coward (hon. sec.) and C. Jeater, (right) A. H. Perkins (hon. treasurer) and A. G. Pears



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Women's Golf

The Championship at Southport and Ainsdale

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

AFTER all the frights of the last fortnight it was a positive relief to go to bed the night before the final of the Championship feeling that the final next day would be an all-British one. Why it should have been so, when we had failed to beat the Americans in the Curtis Cup, I cannot pretend to explain, especially as the luck of the draw did not bring them up against our topmost players. But there the fact remains, bearing out what Mrs. Vare has always said, that it is not the excellence of our topmost players that prevents an American winning the Championship, but that of the, to them, unknown rank and file who are capable of playing as well as anybody for one round. At all events, here we are with Miss Pam Barton our Amateur Champion, Miss Bridget Newell runner-up as well as carrying off the Diana Fishwick Bowl for qualifying first, Miss Kathleen Garnham and Miss Molly Gourlay semi-finalists. What could be more satisfactory?

IT has been most inspiring to see the way Miss Barton's golf has, so to speak, grown up. Last year she was a child, making up for bad shots with brilliant ones; the year before it was the same story, and some wondered, when she was twice runner-up in the Championship, whether she would ever win, or whether she would, at any rate, have to wait seven years, like Miss Cecil Leitch did, acclaimed as so brilliant but unable to win the biggest event. Miss Barton has won it because she set herself grandly to find out and mend the weak spots, and to conquer what wanted conquering in her temperament. Both actually and mentally her golf has suddenly matured, and the best critics have a notion that now she has arrived, she will stay, to the great benefit of British golf. It seems such a short time ago that she was hitting the ball a huge way in the Girls' Championship, and dithering with fright on the first tee.

Miss Newell—I am tired of reminding you how many BYSTANDER Cups she holds—has a long way to go before she is Miss Barton's equal, but she has gone so far in the same mending of weak spots this last winter that we may be quite sure she will not stop there. She was obviously nervous in the final, and a tired golfer into the bargain. That she fought bravely nobody will dispute.

I CANNOT say that we felt too happy at the end of the first day's qualifying round. An American headed the list, and she not even one of the team, but Mrs. Gouldthwaite, who had been a reserve at Gleneagles. It was not much consolation to be told she was the sort of player who would do a 75 one day and more or less a 95 another. Seventy-five was what she had done, and the glorious golf she had played in the doing of it! 77 from Miss Jessie Anderson and Mrs. J. B. Walker, 78 from Miss Newell and Miss Wanda Morgan were quite overshadowed by this U.S.A. 75. Things began to take a turn for the better, though, early next morning, and by the end of the day British stock had risen several points. There was Miss B. Newell at the head of the poll, having added a brilliant 74 to her 78. Miss Anderson and Mrs. Walker, each with another 77 to their credit, while Miss Wanda Morgan, with a 76, joined them in the tie for second place. With such a lead we could be almost unmoved at seeing Miss Patty Berg and Mrs. Gouldthwaite come next with 156, with Mrs. Vare and Mrs. Cheney sharing 157 with Miss Diana Fishwick and the Scottish champion, Miss Robertson Durham.

What did move us, horribly, was the bad draw. It was not merely that there might have been a last eight composed entirely of Americans; it was that so many of our best had to be busy slaughtering each other when we should have preferred to see them slaughtering an American apiece.

Miss Jessie Anderson going out to Mrs. J. B. Walker was one first-round tragedy; Mrs. Garon to Miss Wade; Mrs. Holm to Mrs. Cheney; and, worst of all, the holder, Miss Wanda Morgan, deposed by Miss Bridget Newell. That alone was four possible champions gone. And though, patriotically, we ought to have been overjoyed to see Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare put out, we should have liked the deed done by one of our people, not her own countrywoman, Miss Glutting.

The first day only disposed of three Americans all told, their two British conquerors being Mrs. Newton and Miss Gourlay. The next saw all but one gone, for Miss Pam Barton accounted for Miss Glutting, after she had slipped through Miss Dorothy Pearson's fingers, pulling back dormy 4 and winning at the twenty-first. Miss Corlett, another player who has come on enormously this year, beat the great Miss Patty Berg, only to fall in the afternoon to Miss Miley, who became the last American and went out next morning to Miss Newell.

Miss Minoprio, Miss Berg, and Miss Corlett

Gloria Minoprio, the one-club golfer, was beaten by Mrs. Rhodes, a "Bystander" Cup winner, at Southport. Patty Berg, the young American Curtis Cup player, lost to Miss E. Corlett by one hole in the second round

"I Felt Like Champagne"

Miss Pam Barton, the nineteen-year-old Royal Mid-Surrey player, won the British Women's Championship at her third attempt. She beat Miss Bridget Newell (Buxton; right) by 7 and 5 in the Southport and Ainsdale final

THERE simply is not room to tell you all about everything. Supposing we just take the progress through the championship of the two finalists. Miss Pam Barton shall come first.

She began by a severe fright and chasing from Miss Diana Plumpton, who played less nervously than she did, and took her to the last green. Then she beat Miss Jessie Firth 5 and 4, and Miss Glutting 3 and 2, playing very cool, collected golf to do it. Another Essex-ite, their champion Miss Wilkins this time, was the next victim, 4 and 3 the margin, and then, in the semi-final, the best she had so far played, a model of quiet concentration, a 5 and 4 win from Miss Garnham.

Miss Newell, meanwhile, had begun by beating Miss Wanda Morgan, the holder, 3 and 1, went on with Miss Diana Fishwick two up, Mrs. Newton 3 and 2, Miss Miley 4 and 3, and Miss Gourlay—who had played really fine golf until then—2 and 1.

The final gave one the feeling of great experience against great promise, with that inevitability which perfect calmness and concentration bestow. Miss Barton was never down, and the most Miss Newell could do was to square the match twice, at the fourth and sixth, in the morning. There was real control about Miss Barton's golf, and the putting touch, after the first few holes, was beautiful. Three up at lunch, six up by the afternoon turn, 7 and 5 for the match, there was no denying that the right player won. But Miss Newell will live to learn and fight another day. She is too good a golfer and fighter to be cast down by her final failure, and she had done enough else during the week to satisfy almost any ambition. Those are very bare facts. Over the week-end I shall sit down and think hard, and next week you shall have some more general conclusions.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf : By Alan Thomas

Romance, Witchcraft and Detection

MR. GEORGE BLAKE'S new book, *David and Joanna* (Faber and Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is described by the publishers as "a variation on the theme of unemployment in Scotland." For this reason you need not think that it is another of those gloomy sociological works of which the best that can be said is that they "leave you thinking." The thought that David and Joanna left with me was that I had thoroughly enjoyed their company and that I wished I could meet them again in a sequel.

David, nineteen and unemployed, lives in Glasgow with a hypochondriacal uncle and an aunt who showed an "automatic, granite opposition to the indulgence in things pleasurable" and a "quick response of 'No' to every suggestion of novelty." In the same house lodged the benign Mr. Balharrie. It was, from David's point of view, an excellent home to escape from, especially when the call of the wild was supplemented by the call of Joanna Cree, whose eyes were "violet-hued behind long lashes" and who had "a charm of breeding in her voice." Taking to their bicycles and the hills they pitched their tent for the summer in a remote Highland glen, where, with shepherds for company, they spent the sort of honeymoon that many a wealthier Glaswegian—or any other town bird—might have envied. But nothing lasts for ever. The autumn came, bringing mists and floods, and the happy couple returned to the city with memories that "love had once been young and life had once been free."

The sociological element in the book may be summed up in "the struggle of simple imprisoned people, of Davids and Joannas everywhere, to escape into freedom and peace wherein love might blossom sweetly and life be full of simplicity." But this element is subordinated all the time to the romance of the story and to the individualities of the characters. Mr. Blake writes with an easy pen and out of a full understanding, and his book should be popular south as well as north of the Tweed.

Don't, by the way, be put off by the picture on the wrapper, which depicts what I took to be a freshman of Trinity telling a Mayfair lovely that "these hiking togs are all very well, don't you know . . ."

George Blake

"David and Joanna," George Blake's latest book, reviewed on this page, is about unemployed life (and love) in Glasgow. Mr. Blake is himself a Scotsman, was born in Greenock and lives in Helensburgh. His last but one publication was "The Heart of Scotland"

"THE AFRICAN WITCH," by Mr. Joyce Cary (Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a distinguished and notable book. It is set in the imaginary Nigerian State of Rimi, which, when the story opens, is in the throes of a struggle between two rival claimants to the Emirship. One is a shadowy figure. The other, Aladai, the central figure of the book, is a negro educated at Oxford who has returned to Rimi full of aspirations for the development of his people. His most influential supporter is his pagan sister, Elizabeth, high-priestess of the horrific ju-ju house, the temple of witchcraft and human sacrifice. In his portraits of the natives Mr. Cary shows a complete understanding of their mentality and habits. Nothing could epitomise more succinctly the difficulties of native leadership than Aladai's struggle not only with his opponents but also with his savage adherents, whose allegiance could be swayed by any emotional appeal, Christian or pagan. Aladai's tragedy is that he is suspect as a Christian by his own people and resented as an interloper by the white community. His attempts to get on friendly terms with the English officials and traders make painful reading. He is at once a heroic and pitiful figure.

No less remarkable are Mr. Cary's portraits of the white men. He is particularly successful with the amiable, do-nothing Resident and with the woman don who knew Aladai at Oxford.

Besides being an exciting novel this book is also an acute and detached analysis of the problems of Colonial Government. No one is indicted, no moral is drawn, unless there is some significance in the fact that Mr. Cary gives the ultimate victory to the forces of ju-ju. But to me the great achievement of the book is that it throws a searchlight on the African scene so illuminating that negroes become individuals instead of indistinguishable parts of a black mass.

WITH *Hard Liver* (Arthur Barker; 7*s.* 6*d.*), Mr. Anthony Weymouth maintains his excellent reputation as a detective-story writer. Inspector Treadgold is again in charge and he has his work—as well as the relevant organs of the deceased—cut out. Sir Aylmer Fitzwarren, one of the local squires of Suffolk, was a good liver. But was it of cirrhosis that he died? The doctor is uncertain and the coroner orders an inquest. Cirrhosis it is. And that, you might think, would be that. But you would be reckoning without "the people who talk"—and, after all, it isn't very nice for the relatives to let everybody imagine that Sir Aylmer was a drunkard. So before long the Yard is called in and Inspector Treadgold gets busy. He unearths plenty of suspects and plenty of motives. But when you're up against a murderer who has outwitted a post mortem and a coroner's enquiry, you may reckon that the tracks will be pretty well covered.

On one point only was I left wondering a little. Wasn't there a good deal of risk attached to the disposal of those emeralds? I won't particularise, for fear of spoiling the story. But if ever I meet Mr. Weymouth I shall ask him to clear up the point (with special reference to the events recorded on p. 187), and I have no doubt he'll be able to do it. Anyway, this is a first-class detective-story. With an hour or two to spare, mine's a Weymouth.

SHAKESPEARE'S sonnets, you may remember, were dedicated to their "onlie begetter . . . Mr. W. H." Who was Mr. W. H.? This is one of the great mysteries of English literature. Many candidates have been proposed and their qualifications fiercely discussed. And now another candidate has been added to the list by Mr. Ulric Nisbet. In *The Onlie Begetter* (Longmans; 6*s.*) he argues with obvious conviction the case for William Herbert, grandson of the first Earl of Pembroke and himself a poet, and in the second part of the book gives some account of his life.

Mr. Nisbet's claim will no doubt be keenly debated by the pundits. But laymen need not fear that this slim volume will be too much for them. "One day last September I took my wife by Underground to a town on the fringe of London. . . ." So the story starts, and the working out of it follows the best detective lines.

All the same, if anyone were to ask me whether it mattered who Mr. W. H. was, I should be hard put to it honestly to say that it did.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Lenare

Though tailored suits are prophesied for Ascot and the Royal Garden Party, there is little doubt that the majority of women will prefer a more picturesque type of frock with a long skirt and possibly a slight train. A charming suggestion for the young debutante is seen above. It is carried out in flowered organza, patterned with bold sprays of roses, and only costs 7½ guineas in the inexpensive salons at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. The low neck and puff sleeves are enlivened by rows of gathered frills, which are repeated round the hem, while a stiffened silk underskirt lends a muffled "frou-frou" as the wearer moves. Many of the frocks this season are accompanied by short taffeta coats, or full-length redingotes in net, lace or shirred chiffon. These are very becoming, and also practical, as a low-cut evening frock is revealed when they are discarded

London

Prints and Pleats,

The vogue for fine pleating is reflected in this graceful dinner frock from the model and speciality gowns department at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. It is made of white chiffon with Vandyke tucking and flowing sleeves which fall away from the arms like wings. A spray of flowers relieves the severity of the high neck, while the price is only 8½ guineas

Coloured field-flowers and a bewitching eye-veil distinguish the baku hat at the top of this page on the right, which together with the model below may be seen at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly. The latter, in brown ballibuntal with ostrich-feather crown, is essentially Ascot

Pride

Feathers and Flowers

A black veil extending to the chin, covers this white hat from Woollands, in coarse fancy straw. The shallow crown and sloping brim are becoming, while black feather wings lend a touch of individuality

Geranium-red is the colour of this picture hat in split tagel straw, which also comes from Woollands, Knightsbridge. The sweeping brim is worked in lattice design, while a cluster of geraniums is a decorative note

Since prints are so fashionable this season, Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, are showing this smart frock for 6½ guineas, in black ripple crêpe, patterned with white. It may be seen in the inexpensive gowns salons, and is cut with a slim, straight skirt, and full, sling-shaped sleeves, pleated round the armhole. A kid belt with floral buckle encircles the waist

Dover Street Studios

Home and Abroad

Slacks on the Boat Deck

There is something very gay about this red, white and blue beach wrap from Harrods, Knightsbridge. It is made of heavy crease-resisting linen, cut on the lines of a man's dressing gown, and faced with navy blue

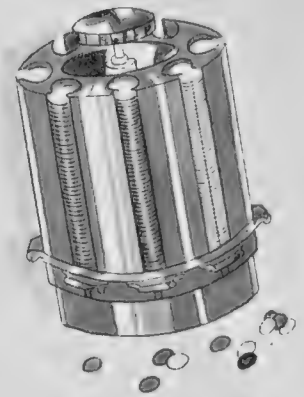
Lenare

No summer wardrobe is complete without at least one pair of "slacks" for occasions when smart clothes are discarded. Those on the left are made of navy blue worsted flannel, admirably tailored with hip pockets and a trim waist-line. They cost 35s. 9d. at Harrods, and are also available in grey

BRITISH CELANESE LIMITED, CELANESE HOUSE, W.1.

For that most exciting of all wardrobes — the trousseau — Lingerie created in 'Celanese' Crêpe Satin or 'Celanese' Crêpe de Chine.

People travelling, either by car or train, will appreciate the new lightweight tweed rugs at Asprey's, Bond Street. Though full size, they only cost a guinea, and there are cushions to match for 27s. 6d. a pair



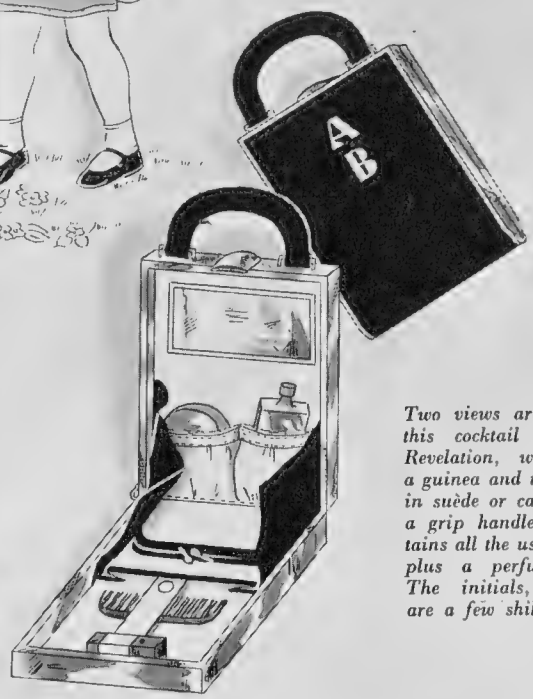
Here is something quite new in the way of a revolving walnut poker-chip stand, designed exclusively by Asprey. It is packed with coloured chips, which are automatically delivered when the centre "knob" is depressed

This leather chain, better known as the "Golfer's Companion," is suspended round the neck so that the attachments at each end fit into the player's coat pockets. It comes from Asprey, and is fitted with powder, lipstick, note-case and comb

Children love anything connected with animals, and so Liberty's, Regent Street, are making linen pinafores in pastel shades, worked with appliqué figures of rabbits, ducks, etc., for 10s. 6d. The one sketched is sleeveless and fastens down the back

A few stray drops from a wine glass will often ruin a polished table, unless the stem of the glass is fitted with a special envelope like the one sketched, which is entirely hand-worked and beautifully embroidered

The newest type of clothes brush has a concealed manicure set along the back. This one is made of pigskin and costs 15s. 6d. complete, at Revelation, 170, Piccadilly



Two views are given of this cocktail bag from Revelation, which costs a guinea and is available in suède or calf. It has a grip handle and contains all the usual fittings plus a perfume bottle. The initials, naturally, are a few shillings extra

A few examples of Hamptons DINING ROOM FURNITURE

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C. 15765

S.17399

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C.15765. **OAK SIDEBOARD** with cupboards at each end. Centre fitted with shelves and 3 drawers, one divided and lined with baize for cutlery. 4ft 6in wide. **£12 . 10 . 0**

S.17399. **OAK ARM CHAIR** with loose drop-in seat, covered with Tapestry **39/6**

C.17293. **OAK PULL-OUT DINING TABLE.** 2ft 9in by 3ft 3in extending to 2ft 9in by 5ft 3in **£5 . 12 . 6**

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PAVILLON EDEN ROC

SUMMER and WINTER RESIDENCE

Summer Sport *(Cont. from page 381)*

And all goes well with the game. Copson is shaping like another Maurice Tate; Gimblett, of Somerset, is making even the naturally sceptical regard him as something of a phenomenon; Oldfield, of Lancashire, is winning golden opinions. Oldfield, they say, should certainly go to Australia. It is comforting to hear of one young player who is thus confidently named.

And this England captaincy business. Wherever I go I hear arguments in favour of Maurice Turnbull, of Glamorgan. And why not, indeed? Turnbull is a fine player and a fine captain. If the professors were asked their opinion, and their opinion is worth having, I believe they would plump either for Turnbull or Sellers, of Yorkshire. And Holmes has his champions, particularly those who went with him on the recent M.C.C. tour.

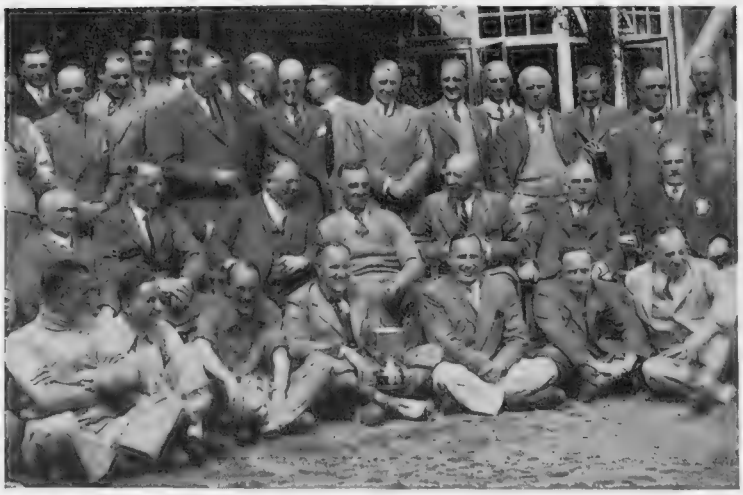
Allen did not strengthen his claims to the job in the M.C.C. match against India, but then he had a difficult task, for three of his best bowlers were either partly or wholly incapacitated by injury, and that does cramp a captain's style. Incidentally, how unfortunate our Indian visitors are in the matter of injuries! Still, they are a happy party, and that means more than would appear on the surface. Give them time and they'll be all right, especially if Jahangir Khan goes on making runs like an automaton.

Cambridge, by the way, are going great guns. They're a happy side too—bang full of confidence, most of them capable of making their thirty or forty runs or more at a pinch, and with a greater variety of bowling than Oxford. The 'Varsity match should be a grand scrap, unless I am much mistaken.

FINALLY, one or two brief notes. It is interesting to find that the Henley Stewards are being overwhelmed by the number of entries for the Regatta. In due course they will have to reorganise the whole affair. As it is, they have been unable to deal satisfactorily with the entries for the Ladies' Plate, which means that some of the school crews will again have to row two heats in one day. And that doesn't give them much of a chance. But it is all a significant indication of the growing popularity of rowing.

And, talking of schoolboys, how about J. D. A. Langley's selection to play golf for England against France on June 13? A well-merited honour, certainly, but surely the first time a member of a school cricket team—Langley plays for Stowe—has been asked to play another game for his country during the summer term?

AND Herr Hitler has been saying that the Olympic Games are a powerful inducement to world peace. So have a great many other eminent persons. I hope they are right. My athletic friends assure me, almost with tears of holy joy in their eyes, that they are. It may be so. Perhaps we should forget certain incidents in the boxing contests in recent years. Perhaps, indeed, we should allow the wish to be father to the thought, trusting that the thought will lead to the actuality.

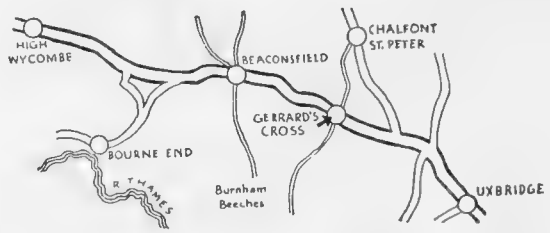


The Inveresk G. S. Spring Meeting

Andrew Milne won the Inveresk Cup at the Spring Meeting at West Hill, Brookwood. In the group are: (at back) J. W. Berriman, J. M. P. Adam, J. S. Bradley, A. Berrill, A. W. Smith, J. Bewsher, L. C. S. Lewsey, A. Wallace, C. Newell, D. C. Maddick, W. A. Stewart, A. J. Snelson, J. B. Marsden, J. Lyddon, C. Pretzlik, R. Ward, J. Rowley, A. L. Sharpe; (middle row) A. Hepworth, Lord Howard, A. W. Gotch Berrill, C. Snelling, Sir H. Brittain, J. Strachan, W. M. Wallace; (front row) A. J. Ireland, A. Bruce, D. Hamlyn, Andrew Milne (winner), A. P. Jackson, F. Lund, and H. M. Stevenson

GERRARD'S *CROSS*

BUT **SHELL'S** *PLEASING*



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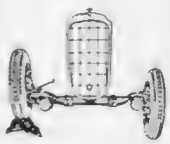

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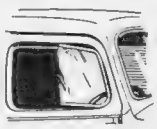

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Any Vauxhall dealer will be delighted to place a car at your disposal whenever you wish.

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Fully descriptive literature, the written experiences of Vauxhall owners and full information of the Vauxhall and General extended payment plan are readily available from any Vauxhall dealer or from Vauxhall Motors Limited, Luton, Beds.

If you want a bigger car there is the Vauxhall Big Six. 20 h.p. or 27 h.p. Prices from £325 to £550.

Great Events in the Air

By Charles Ward

At Brooklands—Duncan Davis, who runs the flying side so successfully, with Gloria Young, a "Midnight Vanity" from Grosvenor House who went "solo" after less than seven hours' tuition from Denis Rea, seen on the right

Flying for Sport and Trade

THE air has been very much in the news this month. Amy Mollison started it by flying to the Cape and back in record time. Then the Hindenburg cruised home from New York to Germany in two days. The only complaints came from women passengers, who said the shower-baths were too small and there were no long mirrors as an aid to dressing for dinner. Gatwick, with its subway from its own railway station, has been opened for public use by British Airways, operating to Paris and Scandinavia. The conception of this airport is modern in every sense—its good situation meteorologically, combined with ample space for landing and a quick get-away by train to Victoria, should give it many advantages over Croydon. Not until the City of London has its own airport on Fairlop Plain will Gatwick have a new rival. Empire Air Day gave a great fillip to public interest in the R.A.F. Rather by chance, it acts as a useful rehearsal day for individual items that will be seen at the Royal Air Force Display at the end of June. New pilots have the experience of performing before a crowd, and the latter is stimulated to see more flying at Hendon: both Shows are full value for money.

The Latest in Aircraft

THE de Havilland monoplanes for trans-Atlantic flights are to be aptly named "Albatross." In a sense, they will be in competition with the Empire flying-boats from Shorts, and the top-deck of the "Mayo" composite. During the next eighteen months, experimental flights will determine which type is most suitable for mails, and what developments are needed so that passengers may be attracted to the "American" airway. The "Albatross" is to cruise at more than 200 miles an hour, with its four Gipsy Twelves — all-up weight will be 11 tons. The most interesting type at the Royal Aeronautical Society's Garden Party was the Miles monoplane, built for Whitney Straight. It has side-by-side seating for two, and a very fine performance. Top speed is around 150, scaling down to 125-130 for cruising, and what looks like a real 40 m.p.h. for landing with a very short run. All modern gadgets are fitted, and the price will be less than £1000. The Liverpool and District Club has acquired two "Swallows" from Hanworth, a type which is becoming very popular, owing to its ease on control, safety and slow-landing qualities. "Swallows" are used for instruction in the Malay States, India, East Africa and Australia, as well as by five clubs in England. In Germany and in Italy, work is being pushed ahead rapidly in the construction of larger and faster air-liners. The latest Dornier is to be tried out across the South Atlantic, and the same firm is building a successor to the DO.X. for a service from Hamburg to New York. The Italians are concentrating on "Colonial" types, suitable for desert routes and high altitudes. It is their intention to link Rome with Addis Ababa, presumably via Egypt and the Sudan, as these countries are in the way, so to speak.

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ARLINGTON HOUSE faces directly on to the Green Park with the most romantic and beautiful views in all London, the entrance is in Arlington Street, Piccadilly. There are commodious or small Flats and Maisonettes available. A Restaurant, a Garage and Service arrangements are there for those who desire them, and many of the Flats have private and extensive sun-balconies and roof gardens. Beautifully laid out fore-court gardens merge directly into the Green Park beyond. Ready for occupation in June. Allsop & Co., Manor House, Soho Square, W.1, are the Managing Agents, and they have a Letting Office on the premises (Telephone Regent 3094).

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R E S T A U R A N T

What's On

(Continued from page D)

CINEMAS *(Continued)*

ROBIN HOOD OF ELDORADO.—Warner Baxter is the Robin Hood in question; a gay rebel film: Empire.

SECRET AGENT.—Somerset Maugham's *Ashenden* is the story of this film, an exciting and well-acted spy story, with John Gielgud, Robert Young, Peter Lorre and Madeleine Carroll: Tivoli.

THESE THREE.—Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon are young schoolmistresses; Joel McCrea makes the love tangle, and young Bonita Granville acts splendidly as a wretch of a child: Leicester Square.

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE.—Sylvia Sidney and Fred MacMurray are the stars of this rather fine technicolour film, made out of doors: Carlton.

WIFE VERSUS SECRETARY.—This film's title is its key. Clark Gable is the man, Myrna Loy the wife, Jean Harlow the secretary: Empire.

EXHIBITIONS

CHINESE ART.—The Eumorfopoulos Collection: Victoria and Albert Museum, 10—6 (free on Sundays).

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1936.—Burlington House, 9—7.

OPERA

COVENT GARDEN:

SIEGFRIED.—To-night, 27th, 5.30.
LA TOSCA.—Thurs., 28th, 8.30.
DER ROSENKAVALIER.—Mon., 1st, 7.45.

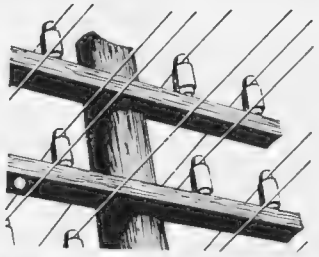
GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.—The D'Oyly Carte Company's season: Sadler's Wells, 8. Sats., 2.30.

BALLET

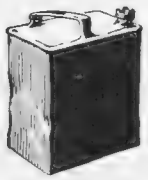
BALLETS DE MONTE CARLO.—René Blum directs, Fokine produces and dances, and the programme includes two new creations of his—*L'Epreuve d'Amour* (Mozart) and *Don Juan* (Gluck): Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PROGRESS MEANS MORE POWER

FROM TOM-TOM

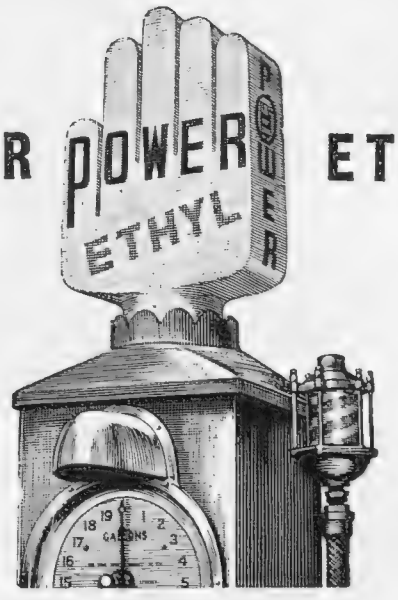


TO TELEGRAM



FROM PETROL TO

POWER



ETHYL

THE MOST POWERFUL PETROL ON SALE TO THE PUBLIC

Raiding the Road Fund

By The Earl of Cardigan

So once again a familiar custom is to be observed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer! Raiding the Road Fund—at first regarded as a rather scandalous expedient—seems now to have become one of the conventional means of raising a little extra money for balancing the national "books." Each successive Chancellor, wondering where to look for another few millions, turns eventually to the Road Fund as to an unfailing source of aid. Some years ago, in order to justify high taxation for motor-vehicles, an undertaking was given to the effect that the money so raised should be spent on road construction for the motorist's benefit. Hence the creation of the Road Fund, to receive money from and spend money for the road-users of the country.

This undertaking has certainly never been revoked by any Government. We may therefore presume that it still holds good—in which case it must be morally wrong for any Chancellor of the Exchequer to divert money from the Road Fund into other channels.

On the other hand, it is not quite reasonable either for the motorist to ear-mark his taxes for specific purposes, or for road improvements, when made, to be treated as of benefit to the motorist alone. It would be more practical if the proceeds of motoring taxation were devoted to general purposes, and if the building of new roads was regarded as being for the general good.

It would be quite justifiable if a Chancellor of the Exchequer were to take this view. He could then put the motorists' money directly into the common pool—having given fair warning of his intentions—and pay out an annual grant from the common pool for the use of the Ministry of Transport.

I repeat, however, that while the Road Fund exists as such it should not be subject to these continual raids. An undertaking to motorists has been given; it has not been revoked, and it should therefore be scrupulously honoured.

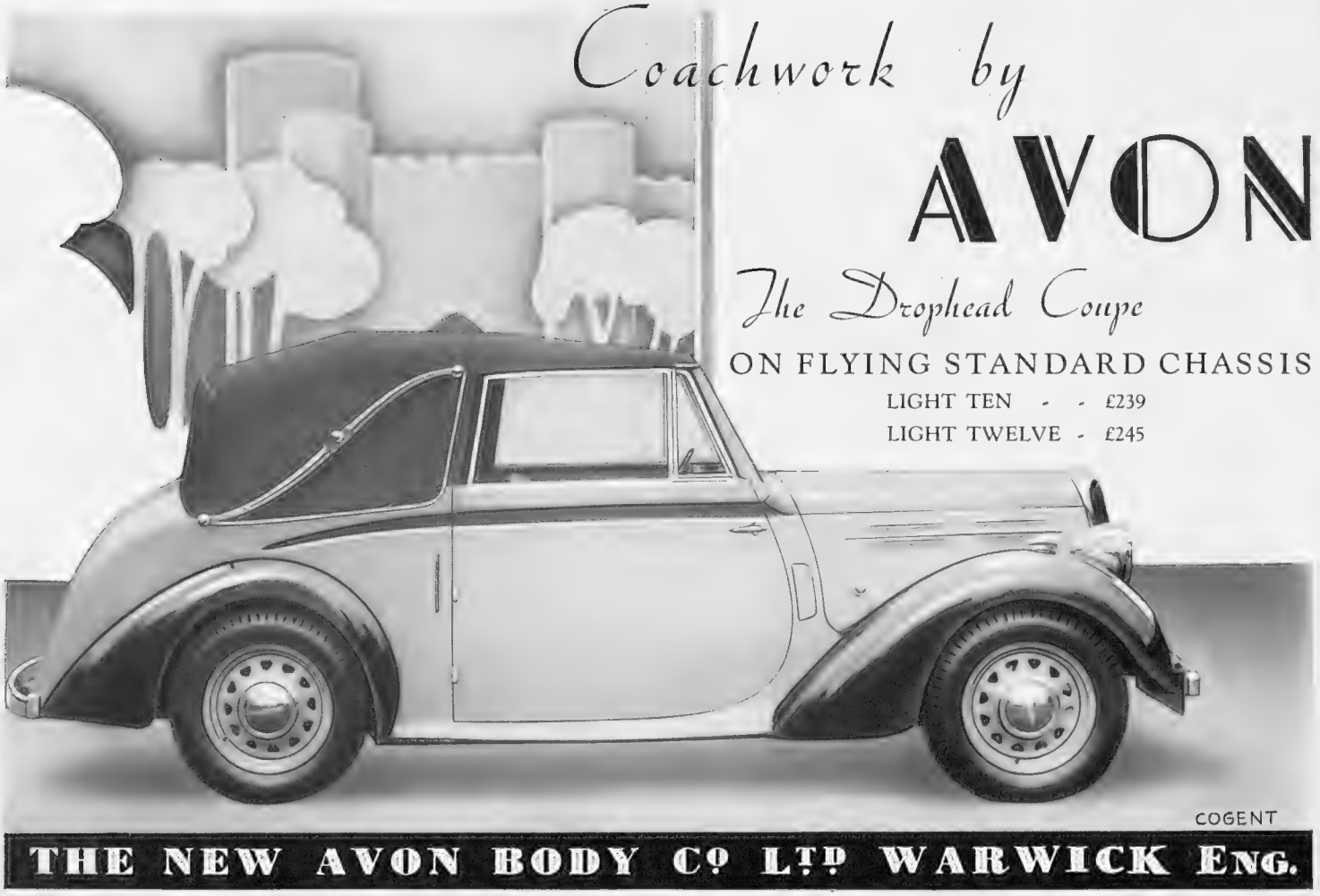
The New Wolseley Models

An announcement of unusual interest has been made just recently by the Wolseley Company. This is that two new Wolseley cars are being put on the market, of 10 and 12 h.p. respectively. In each case the engine will be of the efficient overhead-valve type, so that a lively performance is assured.

Other excellent chassis features include four-speed gear-boxes, Lockheed hydraulic brakes, and Jackall permanent hydraulic jacks. The road wheels are of the new Wolseley type, smart in appearance and particularly easy to keep clean.

The new coachwork should prove to be a real attraction. All models have unusually pleasing lines, and great attention has been paid to the questions of roominess and seating comfort. It is no surprise to find that prices are extremely reasonable, the 10-h.p. saloon being listed at £220, and the equivalent 12-h.p. car at only £5 more.

The Eunant Pass is nothing to the well-sprung and lively Vauxhall "Big Six"



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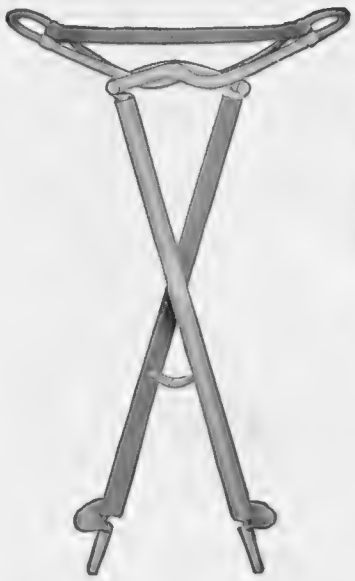

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A Modern Medley

Cleansing With Turtle Oil Soap

It is universally acknowledged that cleanliness is the basis of a lovely skin, and the use of a reliable super-fatted soap is advocated more and more as a means of expelling deep-seated impurities which clog the pores. Bronnley's new Turtle Oil soap is ideal for every type of skin, and particularly the dry, as it is endowed with nourishing properties which penetrate the surface of the skin, giving new life to hungry tissues. To many of us, turtle oil, derived from the giant sea-turtle, is an unknown quantity, yet history records that Cleopatra bathed in "turtle oil and wine." It is also said to be used by the women of Red Indian tribes in Mexico, who are famous for their youthful complexions up to an advanced age An excellent way of washing the face is to bathe it in warm water before applying a thick lather of soap. Then rinse in cool water, and dry with a fine towel. Turtle Oil soap, like all Bronnley's preparations, is obtainable practically everywhere at 6d. and 1s. the tablet.

Every bathroom should contain a tablet of Bronnley's new Turtle Oil soap, which cleanses, nourishes and refines the skin. It is available in several different perfumes, including Gardenia and Honeysuckle

Feeding Hungry Tissues

Realising that nourishing is quite as important as cleansing, Bronnley's have created a delightful Night Cream, containing lemon juice, which bleaches and refines the skin. It should be used generously at night after washing. The face should be lightly massaged with the fingertips, following an upward and outward movement. Gentle patting under the eyes will help to erase crowsfeet, and any signs of puffiness. In the case of a dry skin, the cream should be allowed to remain on for some time, and, needless to say, treatment must be regular and systematic if any benefit is to be derived.

Summer Fashion Parade

An extremely interesting Fashion Parade which met with great success was recently held by Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, at the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane. There were many lovely frocks designed for important social functions, including Ascot and the Royal Garden Parties. The majority were cut with flowing skirts and wide sleeves, while many were accompanied by short coats with flared basques. Floral prints in black and white, pastel tints and delicate shades of cyclamen were prominently displayed for day and evening. Particularly charming was an evening frock and finger-tip coat in printed crêpe-de-Chine, patterned with brightly-coloured field-flowers. In the case of a semi-tailored afternoon ensemble, the short skirt was plain black and the tunic coat white with black maple-leaves scattered here and there. A green scarf and belt provided the finishing touches.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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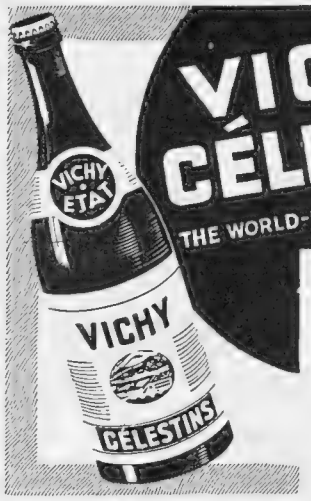

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Getting Married :

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Douglas

Sylvia Margaret Hawley

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Hawley, of 4, Down Street, W.1; she is engaged to Robert Affleck Robertson, only son of Dr. and Mrs. R. Affleck Robertson, of N.S.W., Australia

Lenare

Barbara Louise Joseph

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Joseph, of White Lodge, Angmering-on-Sea, Sussex; she is engaged to Bryan Hunter, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hunter, of Selsdon Park, Sanderstead, Surrey

Kay Vaughan

Joan Eddy

Is engaged to Francis Geoffrey Blandy, younger son of the late Lt.-Col. F. D. Blandy and Mrs. Blandy, of Tynemouth, Northumberland; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Eddy, of 28, Elvaston Place, S.W.7

Douglas

Annette Scott-Turner

Is the youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. Scott-Turner, of Stanton, Anerley; she has announced her engagement to W. G. Dacre Softly, only son of Mr. W. G. Softly, of Maiden's Hotel, Delhi, India

Bassano

Dorothy Philipson-Stow

Is the elder daughter of Sir Elliot Philipson-Stow, Bt., and Lady Philipson-Stow, of Blackdown House, Lodsworth, Sussex; she is engaged to J. B. Peter-Hoblyn, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Peter-Hoblyn, of Colquite, Bodmin

Catherine Bell

Anne Christian

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Christian, of Weald, Sevenoaks; she is engaged to Major Claude Bremner, M.C., of the Foreign and Political Government Department, India

Kay Vaughan

Mary Craven

Is engaged to Comte Joseph de Bourmont, fifth son of Comte and Comtesse Ghaisne de Bourmont, of Château de Bourmont, Maine-et-Loire, France; she is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. E. S. Craven

Yevond

Diana King

Diana Meade King, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Meade King, of 38, Murrayfield Gardens, Edinburgh, is engaged to Harry Thomas, only son of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Thomas, late of Boroughbridge, Yorks.

Lenare

Bethea Stewart-Sandeman

Is the eldest daughter of the late Douglas Stewart-Sandeman and Mrs. Stewart-Sandeman, of Martin's Heron, Bracknell, Berks.; she is engaged to Edward Aldrich-Blake, second son of the Rev. F. H. and Mrs. Aldrich-Blake, of Weston Hall, Herefordshire

Douglas

Ruth Pugh

Has announced her engagement to Cmdr. Barry Stevens, R.N., son of Mr. Harry Stevens, of Amberwood, Southampton; she is the youngest daughter of Mr. Lewis Pugh, of 10, King's Bench Walk, Temple, and Mrs. Pugh, of 9, Montpelier Place, S.W.3

Douglas

Dorothea Townshend

Dorothea Petrie Townshend, of 16, Hertford Court, W.1, daughter of the late Colonel and Mrs. G. R. Townshend, is engaged to Major Robert J. H. Carew, of Ballinamona Park, Waterford, Ireland

Bassano

Pamela Byrde

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. R. A. Byrde, of Goytrey House, Monmouthshire; she is engaged to Capt. W. K. R. Murray, only son of the late Brig.-Gen. W. H. E. Murray, and Mrs. Murray, of Penn, Bucks.

Bassano

Mary Bridget Thomas

Is the daughter of Sir Shenton and Lady Thomas, of Government House, Singapore ; she is engaged to Captain J. L. L. Lotinga, the Royal Fusiliers, elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. Lotinga

Bertram Park

Rosemary Crichton

Rosemary Maitland Makgill Crichton, younger daughter of the late Major Maitland Makgill Crichton and Mrs. Crichton, of Monzie Castle, Crieff, and Larg's House, Fife, is engaged to Herr Ernst-August von Einem, eldest son of Maj.-Gen. William and Frau von Einem, of Vienna

Bassano

Sylvia Coke

Is the elder daughter of Mrs. Reginald Coke, of 4, Carlyle Square, S.W.3, and granddaughter of Lady Katherine Coke ; her mother is Mark Hambourg's sister. She is engaged to Basil Stafford, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Stafford, of Nottingham

Craik — Churchill

Donald McCleod Craik, only son of Mr. and Mrs. McCleod Craik, of Penang, and Ruth Churchill, only daughter of Dr. Stella Churchill, of 8, Cumberland Terrace, N.W.1, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Tregear — Shrapnell-Smith

Captain Vyvyan Tregear, younger son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. F. C. Tregear, of Brin, Inverness-shire, and Virginia Shrapnell-Smith, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Shrapnell-Smith, of Hound House, Shere, were married on May 16th at Shere Church

Pritchett — Melvill

Cyril Pritchett, of 8a, Eccleston Square, elder son of the late G. E. Pritchett and Mrs. Pritchett, of Thurloe Hotel, Queen's Gate, and Alison Melvill, second daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. P. J. Melvill, of Overweald, Haslemere, Surrey, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Wade — Slocock

Suzanne Slocock, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Laurence Slocock, of Courtfield, Maidenhead, was married at St. Michael's Church, Bray, to John Charles Wade, only child of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Wade, of Honiley Hall, Warwick

Colson — Rhys Jones

Elizabeth Rhys Jones, only daughter of the late Captain Percy Jones and Mrs. Jones, of 10, Palace Mansions, W., was married at St. James', Piccadilly, to Douglas Colson, younger son of the late Major Colson, D.S.O., and Mrs. Colson, of Hope Bank, Weymouth

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

May 27 — June 2

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

AH, WILDERNESS!—Eugene O'Neill's comedy is about a small town family of loveable ordinariness—a very human piece of work: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BEES ON THE BOAT DECK.—Is the title of Priestley's allegorical tangle about a beached boat; Ralph Richardson, Laurence Olivier, Kay Hammond support an amusing if vexing plot: Lyric, 8.40. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

BITTER HARVEST.—Eric Portman gives a fine performance as Byron in this play about the poet's domestic relations; Mary Glynne is Augusta Leigh, Norah Robinson is Lady Byron: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—The comedy (or tragedy) of opposed temperaments in marriage is the basis of this amusing piece that runs like the poet's brook; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the pair: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett finds heredity too strong in her relations—Dartmoor will out. David Horne and William Fox help this queer family drama on its way: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Fri., 2.30.

FUGITIVES.—Walter Hackett's nineteenth play is about a revolution in Spain, with his usual strong cast headed by Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Edwin Styles, and Phyllis Dare: Apollo, 8.30. Sats., 2.30.

GREEN WATERS.—A dramatic piece of work about a father-son feud (by Max Catto), with Gillian Lind and Sebastian Shaw in the lead: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE.—"Max's" Regency fantasy, adapted by Clemence Dane and delightfully decorated by Motley, makes the most charming piece in London; Ivor Novello, Vivien Leigh, and Isabel Jeans are in it: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—A charming piece from the Chinese by S. I. Hsiung, played à la chinois. Esmé Percy, Thea Holme, and Viola Tree: Savoy, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT.—Rosalinde Fuller is a vampire who preys on husbands' virtue, Ivan Samson is a husband, Kathleen O'Regan his wife; unconvincing extravaganza, with spasmodic merit: Royalty, 8.45. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

MY SON 'S MY SON.—D. H. Lawrence's play, based on *Sons and Lovers*; Louise Hampton is the mother, Gyles Isham and Valentine Dyall her sons: Playhouse, 8.15. Wed., Fri., 2.45.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE SEAGULL.—A feast of dramatic riches which must not be missed; Chekhov is the author, Komisarjevsky the producer, Peggy Ashcroft, Edith Evans, and John Gielgud the stars: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Noel Coward's series of sketches has new additions, and make the best light entertainment going, with the author and Gertrude Lawrence in the leads: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Mazo de la Roche's novel, adapted by her, has amusing and touching moments; Nancy Price is Grandma Whiteoaks, Stephen Haggard is Finch: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

ALL ALIGHT AT OXFORD CIRCUS.—A hip-hooray kind of vaudeville with Harry Roy's band and lots of comic constellations: Palladium, 6.25 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland Muchachos and Young Ladies are all parts of it: Adelphi, 6.30 and 9.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls'-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobby Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Dancing at the Dorchester

Eddie Root and Hope Minor joined the cabaret on Monday

REVUDEVILLE No. 76.—Stafford and Marnitz, from the permanent orchestra, get into the limelight this week with a piano act; Gus Chevalier is joined by Hal Bryan in laugh-making, and there is a "Punch and Judy" ballet, as well as the ever-charming Revudebelles: Windmill, 1.20—11.30, non-stop.

RISE AND SHINE.—The music is by Robert Stolz, the sets in "Moronia" and England, the stars Binnie Hale and Jack Whiting, and the atmosphere impossible whoopee: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SEEING STARS.—A slim story sends Leslie Henson into numerous predicaments and the audience into fits of laughter. Fred Emney, Hildegarde, and Louise Browne enhance the merriment: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—William Walker's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, and the ever-youthful Dorothy Dickson in it: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CHILDREN, TO BLESS YOU!—Jean Cadell is the mother of a charming but unruly family in this domestic comedy; Mary Newcomb is an unpleasant aunt: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that blows up various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspenses and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER.—Frank Vosper (who adapted the piece from Agatha Christie's novel) is a professional Bluebeard who gets Marie Ney into his clutches; good acting, plenty of thrills, and laughter by Muriel Aked: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Extraordinary character sketch of a cheerful young megalomaniac, written and acted by Emlyn Williams. Laughter, horrors and sympathy are well emphasised by Angela Baddeley and Dame May Whitty: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly re-done; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

BOY MEETS GIRL.—Bella and Samuel Spewack's play is a light-hearted skit on Hollywood cœurs et mœurs, with Helen Chandler and Bramwell Fletcher: Shaftesbury, to-night, 27th.

THE KING'S LEISURE.—A light comedy with Paul Cavanagh, Nora Swinburne, and Helen Haye: Daly's, Thurs., 28th.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Mr. Prince Littler revives Ivor Novello's romantic success: Coliseum, Thurs., 28th.

RUTH DRAPER.—Haymarket, Mon., 1st.

CINEMAS

DANGEROUS.—Bette Davis got the Motion Picture Academy's award for her part in this story of an actress who is her own enemy; also Franchot Tone and Betty Lindsay: Regal.

THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS.—Baroness Orczy's novel makes a glamorous, cosmopolitan spy-film, with Sybille Schmitz and Karl Ludwig Diehl: Curzon.

DIE EWIGE MASKE (*The Eternal Mask*).—A film of psychological research and the subconscious world—first from a new Swiss unit. Plenty of food for thought: Academy.

KLONDIKE ANNIE.—Mae West is the star of this, and what 's more, she wrote it! Laid in 'Frisco in the 'nineties, it 's as low as you could wish, with Victor McLaglen as a breezy captain: Plaza.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.—Freddie Bartholomew is the little Lord, Dolores Costello his mother, and C. Aubrey Smith the old Earl in this new version of an old favourite: London Pavilion.

THE LITTLEST REBEL.—The new Shirley Temple film—a story of the American Civil War—has John Boles and Karen Morley in support of the child star; a colourful piece of work: New Gallery.

MODERN TIMES.—Chaplin's newest got past the critics, and it is very good, but too up-stage for Charlie's essence; all the same, he and Paulette Goddard should be seen as waifs of a machine age: Marble Arch Pavilion.

(*Continued on page* v)

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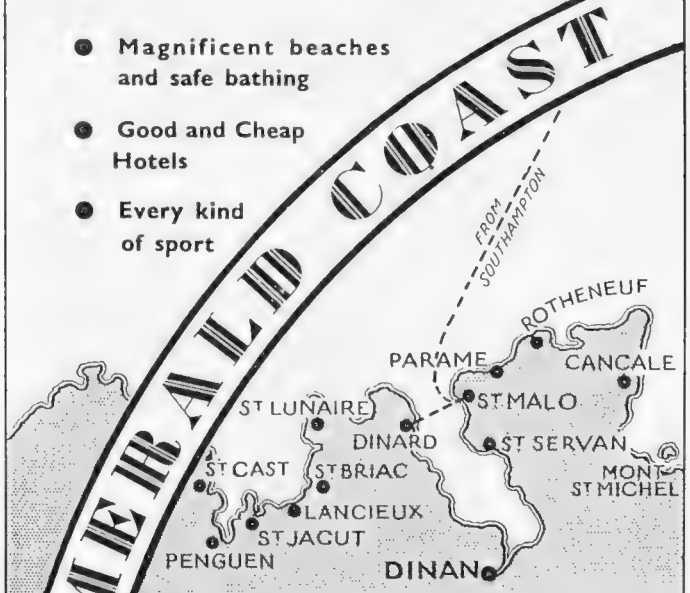

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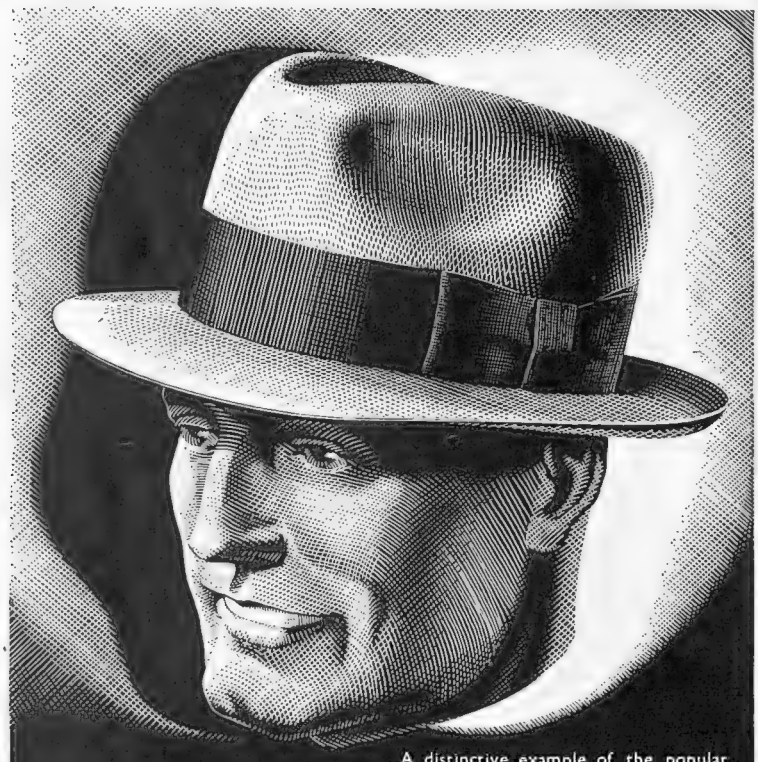

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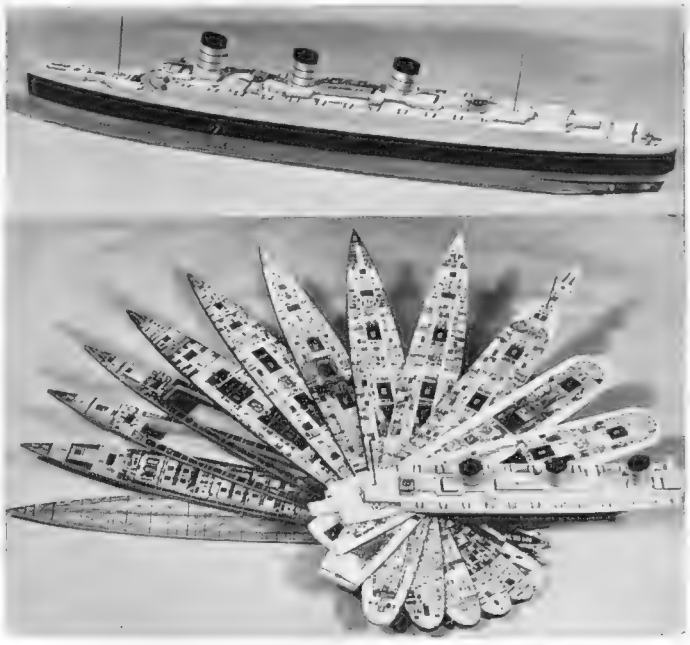

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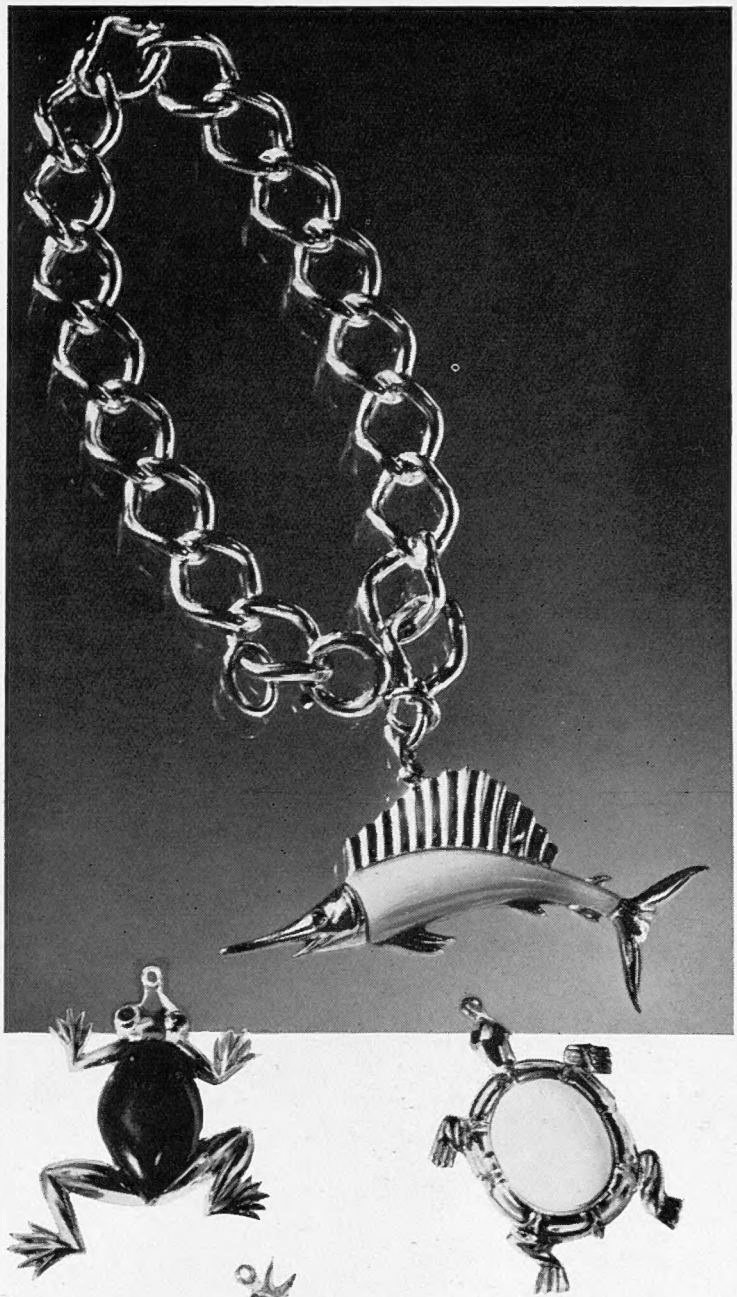

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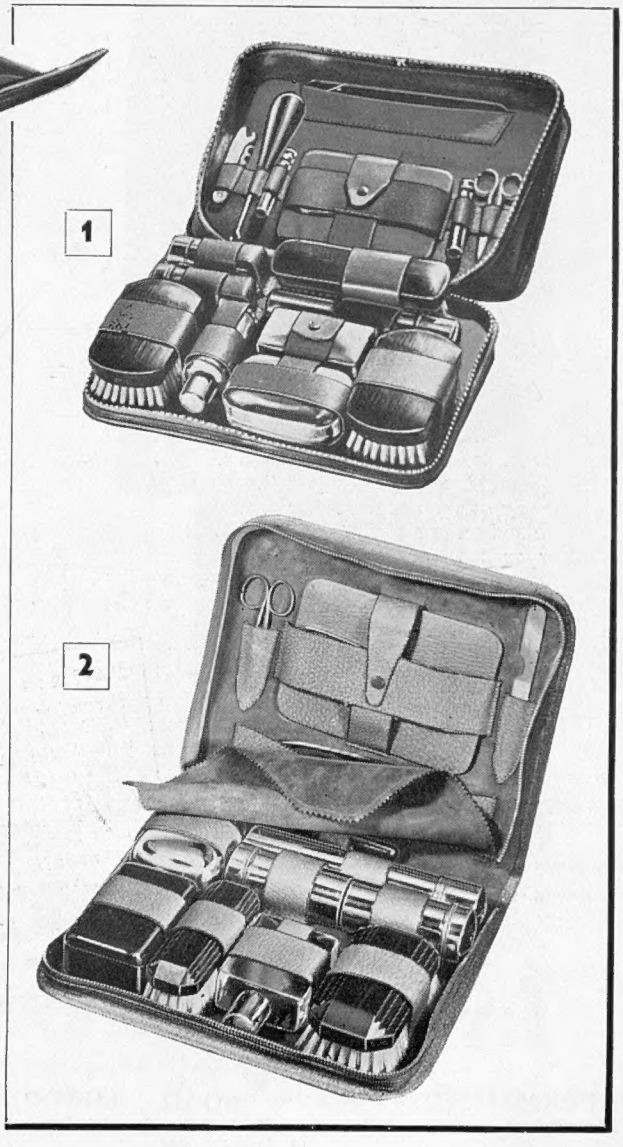

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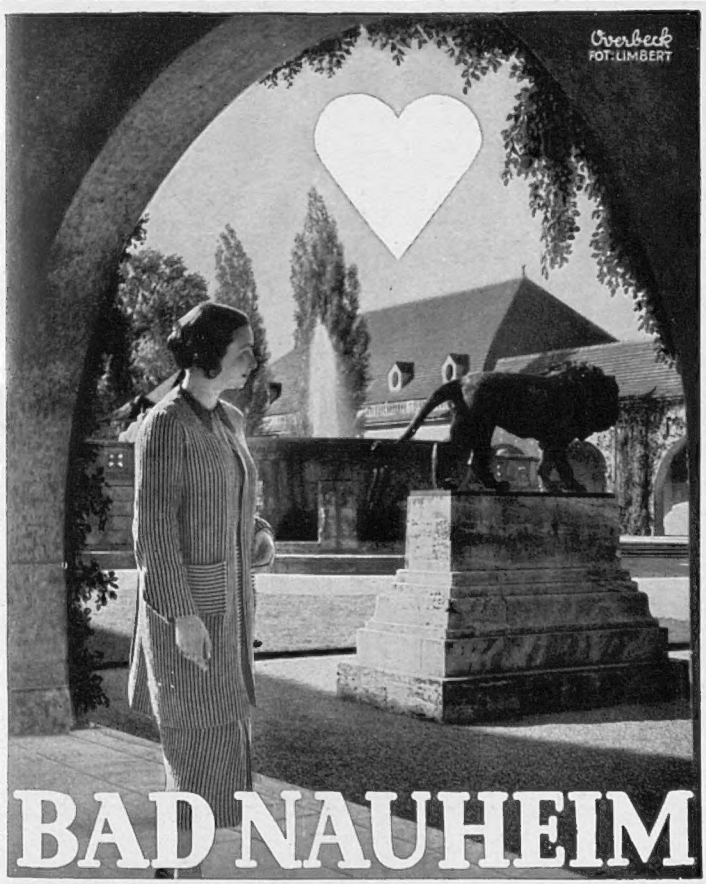

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